

The Messenger.

Dr A H Strickler
14 Feb'y 81

"Is the Truth in Jesus."

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Editor-in-Chief.

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Poetry.

THE POET'S LESSON.

"Procrastination is the thief of time."—Young. Thus sang the poet truthful and sublime. His words a lodgment deep and fixed should find, In every ag'd as well as youthful mind.

Most subtle is this thief in his affairs: Ere one's aware his victim he ensnares. That which he takes away, naught can replace, Nor any human pen its value trace.

How careful then, all men should be, To guard against this foe's dread subtlety; Lest they be robbed of that to them most dear, As shall, in world to come, be made appear! F. August 5th, 1880.

Communications.

For the Messenger.

IN MEMORIAM.

An obituary notice of the late Rev. John Ault, prepared by "J. H. D.," appeared in last week's issue. We have received another written by a class-mate, and intimate friend of the deceased, who belongs to the legal profession. After a careful examination of it, we have concluded to give it also to our readers with the omission of a single sentence, as it dwells mainly upon the character of the deceased, and embodies a layman's appreciation of a devoted minister of Christ. We would simply add, that, in either article, no reference is made to the patriotism of the deceased, as expressed by the fact, that during the late civil war, for a whole year he served as chaplain of the 126th Regiment of Pennsylvania volunteers, whilst in active service, sharing with the men, to a large extent, their perils and toils.

Rev. John Ault, whose death occurred at his home in Littlestown, Adams county, Pa., on Monday, the 26th day of July, was buried at Christ church cemetery on the following Thursday, in the presence of a very large congregation. The services were held in his church at Littlestown. The church was draped in mourning, with appropriate mottoes on the walls. There were twelve ministers present. Rev. J. A. Peters, of Lancaster, a class-mate of deceased, delivered the funeral sermon. Prof. J. H. Dabbs, of Franklin and Marshall College, followed in some timely remarks, exhibiting throughout the deep feelings of sorrow at the death of his friend and school-mate, and imparted to the vast audience and sympathizing parishioners present the most poignant sorrow, expressing itself in the audible weeping of the congregation. Dr. Zieher of Hanover followed in remarks eulogistic of the deceased.

After the services in the church, the funeral cortege formed, and silently, sadly, and sorrowfully, we followed the remains to the grave. It was the largest funeral known in the county. Business seemed to be suspended in the town. All available places, along all the streets, were used for horses and vehicles. One hundred and seventy-five carriages were in the procession. The pall bearers were ministers. At the grave, Dr. J. O. Miller conducted the burial service.

As the solemn words "dust to dust" were uttered, and the earth closed the earthly remains of husband, father, pastor and friend, the tearful eyes, the suppressed sobs, and broken cries, attested the severe loss sus-

tained, and evidenced the affection and esteem of all present for the deceased.

He is gone, in the height of his usefulness, in the zenith of his work, and in the glory of his manhood. His sun is set at noon—his loss is irreparable. His body is buried, his soul is with his God, and for his people, he leaves behind him a character and a life worthy of imitation and imperishable, and a work that will win for him an immortal crown of glory.

Whether we think of him as a student at college in "that long, long ago," or as a friend in after years; whether viewed as a minister, pastor, citizen or friend, there was an integrity of character that could not be impeached, an honorable bearing that would not be compromised—a sense of right and justice that would bear no wrong or oppression,—a devotion worthy of the Christian martyrs, and a friendship true as steel.

As a minister he was eminently successful. Wherever called he labored with all his might. His heart and soul were in the cause. He preached "Christ and Him crucified," rejected the sensational, the fanatical and the startling. Neither bowed to the excitements of the times, nor courted popular favor, and notwithstanding, he was a popular minister. His sermons may not have shown the erudition and thought of the cultured student, and yet, if to win souls be the chief work of the ministry, may I not assert, that he was a giant in his calling. His earnestness and zeal were remarkable. In every charge he had in a ministry of twenty years, the church prospered, the membership increased, and Christ's kingdom advanced.

As a pastor, he was especially useful. He understood his people, visited them, and they entertained the warmest affection and respect for him. There are few ministers whose pastoral work exceeded brother Ault's. His last charge included four churches, with a membership far beyond that of most charges. How devotedly he labored with them and for them, in season and out of season, they well know, and will not forget. The Church is in sore need of more ministers like him.

As a citizen he was ever interested in the welfare of his country—quick to denounce wrong and corruption in the State and in the nation—mindful of his rights and duties, and replete with the loftiest aspirations of a pure patriotism.

As a friend, his virtues shone resplendently:

"None knew him but to love him,
None named him, but in praise."

Open, frank, generous and sincere, he was a prince of companions, warm in his attachments, devoted and steadfast in his friendship and honorable in all things.

His was the sympathetic soul that could grieve at his friends' reverses, and rejoice at his friends' successes—weep with them sad—and smile with them joyful. His heart was warm and his impulses generous, and these, ennobled and purified by an unswerving fidelity to his Church and Christianity, begat him hosts of friends.

The light of his eyes, the smile of his face and the grasp of his hand, coupled with the expressions of his heart, gave unmistakable assurances of his affection and esteem. Many hundreds of his friends and members will call these up in memory, only to again and again regret their loss.

He sleeps his last sleep, he has preached his last sermon, his soul is with the saints.

Rest in peace, friend Ault, in thy lonely grave on the beautiful hillside, under the shadow of thy Church! As a faithful husband you will be deeply mourned by a loving wife, as a kind father you will be cherished by your affectionate children, as a minister your work is a monument more durable than brass, and your bereaved Christian people will often revisit your grave, and there drop the tear of love. As a friend and brother the acacia will remain green on the button-hole of time, and the roses of love never wither or fade.

Gettysburg.

W. A. D.

INFINITE toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist, but by ascending a little you may often look over it altogether. So it is with moral improvement: we wrestle fiercely with vicious habits, which could have no hold upon us if we ascended into a higher moral atmosphere.—Helps.

For The Messenger.

DEATH OF PROF. EDMUND A. LUDWIG, D. D.

Some of the readers of "THE MESSENGER," especially among the ministers of the Reformed Church, have doubtless some recollection of Dr. Ludwig, whose death is announced in the caption of this article. Notice of the services at his funeral, but no note of the time of his death, appear in the papers of Erie, Pa., at which place he resided for some years past. The funeral took place on Sunday afternoon, July 11th, 1880, so that his death must have occurred a few days previous to that date. His age is not given. He must, however, have attained to near three-score and ten, as he was a man well up in years, when we became acquainted with him in 1869.

A lady acquaintance of himself and family has furnished us some statements in reference to his life and character, some of the particulars of which partake of sufficient interest to be incorporated in a brief obituary notice. He was a native of Switzerland, and belonged to a family, in which the Christian ministry has been represented for a number of generations. His father was for many years pastor of the Cathedral Church in the city of Bern, and his brothers also were pastors of churches in some of the Cantons of Switzerland. He received a liberal education and obtained the title of Doctor of Philosophy from one of the universities in Europe.

His mother had early consecrated him to the ministry. He, however, engaged in other pursuits of a literary nature in his native country, and in the course of time, participating in political matters, became, like many others, involved in difficulties with the Government, so that he was obliged to take refuge to this country for safety. He here devoted himself to teaching, and was, at the time of the breaking out of the late civil war, Professor of Languages at Washington College, Lexington, Va., then presided over by George Junkin, D. D. He also came North at the time Dr. Junkin severed his connection with that institution. He was here engaged at different places either in teaching or editing.

A desire to serve the Lord in the Christian ministry, to which work his mother had consecrated him, having been, through special circumstances, awakened in his bosom, he applied to the East Pennsylvania Classis for license to preach the Gospel in 1868, and after a careful examination, his application was granted. Two years later, he was transferred as a licentiate to the East Susquehanna Classis. Failing to secure a call from a charge, though eminently qualified by education and devoted piety to preach the Gospel, he, after a few years, removed to Erie, Pa., where he spent the remainder of his days in teaching and as organist, for the purpose of obtaining a livelihood for himself and family.

Those who were intimately acquainted with him, have always spoken of him as a most excellent man, being not only an eminent scholar and a proficient organist, but also a truly humble and devoted Christian. This character is also accorded him, in the funeral notices which have appeared in the Erie papers. A very large concourse of people were present at his funeral, evincing the love borne him and the esteem in which he was held, by the citizens of the place. The services were conducted by the Rev. Solon Cobb, of whose church the deceased was a member.

As Dr. Ludwig had been organist in the Hebrew Church for the past few years, its pastor, the Rev. A. R. Levi, was also present at his funeral, and delivered an address in the German language, which is published in full in the German paper, entitled "Buschauer am Erie." Whilst, of course, there is no recognition of Christianity in the address, it embodies a handsome tribute to the memory of the deceased, dwelling upon the excellency of his character, and abounding in passages of touching eloquence and of the deepest pathos. He closes with the following poetical quotation, by way of apostrophe to the deceased:

"Fahr' denn wohl, du trauter unserer Seele,
Eingewiegt von unsern Segnungen!
Schlummere ruhig in der Grabes Stille,
Schlummere ruhig bis auf Wiedersehn."

His widow, a truly excellent woman, and two children survive him. F.

Selections.

THE ROMANCE OF THE VALLEY.

BY PROF. WILLIAM M. NEVIN.

Indeed, notwithstanding its want of a majestic river, this Valley, with its wide stretches of woodland scenery, and rich and highly cultivated farms and snug farm-houses, and prosperous towns and villages, studding it throughout, as it lies bound—on one side by the broken ridges of the South Mountain, and on the other side by the uniform range of the Kittatinny, with its level line of demarkation, extending far along its summit for many a mile, almost as straight as a rule, thus separating its darker blue, as seen in the distance, from the varying shades of the north-western horizon behind it, is yet possessed of sufficient beauty and grandeur, methinks, to swell the breast of any poet with emotion.

As in these latter days, commencing with Cowper and Burns and culminating in Wordsworth, a new set of poets has arisen, who are in love with material nature all for her own sake, without any traditional influences superadded, and as in our own country, Bryant in his poems, is always truly American, and, in his description, for instance, of the painted cup on the prairie, deigns not to call up,

"Amid its fresh and virgin solitude,
The faded fancies of an elder world,"

So we trust, that independent even of her historical records or of any old legends perhaps brought in from abroad, some poet will yet arise in Cumberland Valley sufficiently affected from observing merely her natural phenomena. Though without any enchanting lakes or rivers, and far away from the lonely sea shore, there is yet hanging over her expanse a beauty, and in her pathless woods to be found a pleasure, and in the wild scenery of her mountains is a rapture still awaiting to be felt by some sympathizing poet of sufficient genius who may hereafter arise and, thus inspired, be led to do her ample justice.

And as on the broad, open page of the Valley, and on the long, blue half-opened leaves of the mountains beyond, are still inscribed some faintly legible and scarcely traceable incidents of some old love tragedies of domestic life or of Indian warfare, might he not besides recovering some of these if he can, and retouching them with a deeper, romantic coloring, to make it more epically pleasing, interweave with them, if he chooses, his descriptive song?

Descriptive poetry, we know, can never be made interesting for any time without having connected with it also some incidents of human life. It must not be wholly descriptive, but also narrative in a measure. Over the wild and solitary mountain places, where the robberies of Lewis were committed, there is still hanging a romantic interest, always becoming improved and more melo-dramatic through time, and as tradition takes the place of the true record; to which, we fancy, the poet might add still more from fiction or invention, so that the exploits of this robber, in the end, might be made to serve as a proper part to be interwoven with some highly romantic descriptive poem.

For my own part, though neither a poet nor a romancer, yet, on returning to this, my native valley, while being carried in the cars to my proposed place of stopping, while being hurried along through its varied scenery, I always feel myself highly exhilarated with every succeeding prospect that breaks upon my view, fraught with fond, old remembrances, and rejuvenated for the while from inhaling the fresh and balmy breath from the neighboring mountains; and when at length arrived and alighted at the Newville station which overlooks the Big Spring, I am borne thence in the stage-coach to this sequestered nook, this fold or lap, as it might be called, of the Kittatinny, this Doubling Gap, to be nursed for a while and recruited in its cherishing bosom, and be imbibing for a while its salubrious waters, when loitering here, I am sometimes tempted, with my pilgrim's staff or pike, to scale "the rugged path and steep ascent" of the opposite mountain side, and having reached its summit, to

traverse with care the first descending and afterward ascending rocky interval, I am at length arrived at that noted flat or table rock, and am suddenly presented with a full view of the sublime valley lying far beneath me and extending all around and upward as far as the eye can reach, in the plenitude of my joy I am always disposed to assume as my own the exultant song of the Savoyard boy, when, returning after a long absence, he at length regains, from some commanding eminence, a full vision of his old, familiar, native valley:

"Oh, I have wandered far and wide,
O'er many a foreign, distant land,
Each tract and country I have tried,
And danced and sung my saraband,
Yet never could their charms prevail
To win my heart from yonder vale!"

WHAT SHALL BE DONE WITH THEM?

The question is asked in some places, "What shall we do with the Sabbath afternoons and evenings?" It is the inquiry of Christians and not of the world. It is taken for granted that the old way of using them is not to be thought of; at least that it is out of date. How, then, shall they be disposed of? A good many persons, consulting their tastes rather than their consciences and the Word of God, conclude that the best thing to do is to devote them to rest and sensual pleasure, as if God had instituted the one day in seven as a holiday which should differ in no moral respect from the other six. There are others who agree that they ought to be used for worship, but not in so serious and regular a way as in the mornings. But in this way they are met with the difficulty, that the mass of the people will not attend to more than one service, and that therefore there is but little use in trying to have more than that. We do not hesitate to say that the slight that is put upon the afternoon is chargeable, in the first place, to the ministers. They have educated the people to believe that the earlier service is the important one, and that the other is a kind of makeshift, a filling up, an accommodation to a spirit that demands it, and that yet is tolerated rather than enjoyed. The preacher preaches his best sermon in the morning and gives his crumbs in the evening. The morning service is so long, the evening about one half as long. You must come in the morning he seems to say; you may come in the evening, if you wish. The way to rescue the evenings from their shame is to put more conscience into them. The talk about not being able to prepare two sermons is bosh and nonsense. It is the excuse of laziness or the apology of indifference.—United Presbyterian.

PREACH CHRIST.

The business of the Christian minister is to preach Christ. He will most successfully counteract the propagandists of infidelity by the proclamation of the truth "as the truth is in Jesus." Let him abstain from any ridiculous denunciation of the spirit of free inquiry. On the other hand, he should resist any temptation to pander to the prevalent latitudinarianism under the pretence of adapting his teaching to the spirit of the age. The preaching of the Gospel will never cease to be foolishness. One rock, however, he should be careful to shun. He should beware of presenting Scriptural truths in an unscriptural guise. Minds already wavering between faith and unbelief, may be repelled by the crude and unguarded manner in which evangelical doctrines are put before them. We may apply to each of the great truths of the Gospel the advice with which an eminent writer of our own Church closes his Incarnation: "While the formula that we confess defines it well for the theologian, its best, safest, and sufficient expression for all Christians alike is to be found in the words which the Holy Ghost teaches." We would remind those whose zeal for the Lord is apt to take the form of heresy-hunting, of the Master's own warning, "Nay, lest ye root up also the wheat with them." To any who may be struggling with temptations to unbelief we would say, "Go with your burden of doubt where you went with your burden of guilt. Take it to the foot of the cross. Christ may not see fit to solve your difficulties; He may not furnish you with the key to the problem that perplexes you, but He will be faithful to His promise: "You shall find rest to your souls."—London Methodist.

Family Reading.

DROPPING A SEED.

The land was still; the skies were gray with weeping;
 Into the soft brown earth the seed she cast;
 Oh, soon, she cried, will come the time of reaping,
 The golden time when clouds and tears are past!

There came a whisper through the autumn haze,
 "Yes, thou shalt find it after many days."

Hour after hour she marks the fitful gleaming
 Of sunlight stealing through the cloudy lift;
 Hour after hour she lingers, idly dreaming,
 To see the rain fall and the dead leaves drift;
 Oh! for some small green sign of life, she prays,
 Have I not watched and waited "many days?"

At early morning, chilled and sad, she hearkens
 To stormy winds that through the poplars blow;
 Far over hill and plain the heaven darkens,
 Her field is covered with a shroud of snow:
 Ah, Lord! she sighs, are these Thy loving ways?
 He answers—"Spake I not of many days?"

The snow-drop blooms; the purple violet glistens
 On banks of moss that take the sparkling showers;
 Half-cheered, half-doubting yet, she strays and listens
 To finches singing to the shy young flowers;
 A little longer still His love delays
 The promised blessing—"after many days."

Oh, happy world! she cries, the sun is shining!
 Above the soil I see the springing green;
 I could not trust His word without repining,
 I could not wait in peace for things unseen:
 Forgive me, Lord, my soul is full of praise;
 My doubting heart prolonged Thy "many days."
Sunday Magazine.

SINS AGAINST CHILDHOOD.

It is related that when a conquered city was sacked and a brutal soldier was striking down all before him, a child cried out, "Please sir, don't kill me, I am so little." He must be a brute that would not respect the feebleness of a child. It is one of the fiendish features of alcoholic drink that it often maddens a parent to maim and to murder his own offspring. There is a poor crippled lad in this neighborhood whose spine is maimed for life by the drunken father who hurled him down stairs in a debauch. Let us be thankful for the organization of "societies for the prevention of cruelty to children." They might adopt for their motto Reuben's counsel to his brethren: "Do not sin against the child."

There are many other sins against childhood besides brutal or the slow starvation which drunkenness occasions. Nor do they spring from wanton cruelty. Many of them grow out of carelessness, or ignorance, or utterly false views of parental duty. Fully one-half of all the parents in the land need to have the solemn caution whispered in their ears: Beware how you sin against your child! Parentage involves a tremendous trust. God puts into our hands the most susceptible and receptive creature on the globe when He entrusts to us a young immortal mind. No photographic plate takes impressions so readily or retains them so surely. In geological museums you may see stone slabs which show the prints of birds' feet or of leaves, which were made in the stone when it was liquid pumice, centuries ago. In like manner we detect the finger-marks and foot-prints of parental influence upon the character of their adult children. Very ugly are some of these foot-prints, too.

1. You may sin against your child by seeding his mind with false teachings. It lies open before you like a garden or a field in May, waiting for either the precious seed or the poisonous weeds. A bad principle will sprout. A sneer against the truth of God's Word, or a sly skeptical thrust will insinuate itself into a boy's memory and prepare him for early infidelity. Much of the cavilling criticism indulged in by parents after they come home from church neutralizes all the good influences of a sermon. If the Holy Spirit has inspired the minister's faithful message, then the foolish derision thrown at that message is not only a sin against the Holy Ghost. In a vast majority of cases religious errors are hereditary. Dishonest practices descend in the same way from father to son. Parents often corrupt their children by taking them to impure places of amusement. While the father is laughing at the play, the lad beside him is inflamed by the indecent costume or the lascivious movements of the actresses. The daughter's purity is soiled by the licentious ballet or the immoral innuendoes of the stage. These impure sights and utterances breed salacious thoughts. It is bad enough to smutch your own soul; but, we beg you, do not sin against your child.

2. Nothing breeds so rapidly as example. We all know how tendencies to character, either good or evil, spring from natural descent, and the chief element in moral heredity is the force of example. There is a monotonous uniformity in the history of the Jewish kings. Each one "walked in the ways

of his father who caused Israel to sin." Observe the word "ways." The father made the path, and the son trod in it. This is as true now as in ancient days. The most difficult cases which are brought to inebriate asylums are those of hereditary drunkenness. I have worked hard lately to reform two inebriates, both very interesting characters; but have about given up in despair since I discovered that their fathers were slaves of the bottle.

Outbreaks of passion have a terrible influence on our children. A man of culture, yet of most violent temper, pleads as his excuse, when he gets enraged: "I can't help it. My father was just so; his boys are all so. We cannot live together in peace; we never did. We are all possessed of the devil." This is a frightful indictment for a living son to bring against a dead parent. And what a penalty these living sons pay for the sins committed against their childhood by parental example! Often, when I see a young man bringing disgrace upon himself, I think: "That youth was as much sinned against as sinning. He is walking in the path in which his parents put him. Thorn bushes never yield grapes, and figs do not grow from thistles." The very word "iniquity" means something twisted. It is something bent or wrung out of a straight line; hence the word "wrong." Now this ugly twist is too often given by a father's or a mother's hand. The wrong which the child does proceeds from the wrong done to them by an evil example. Then comes the swift and inevitable reaction, when the reckless and disgraced son becomes the punisher of the parents' sin and wrings their heart with agony. "Be sure that your sin will find you out," is not more true in regard to any class of wrong doings than those which parents commit against their own offspring.

3. It does not require that we be cruel in disposition in order to sin against our children. The foolish fondness which pets them and gratifies every selfish whim and pampers their pride is even worse in its influence than harsh brutality. No more fatal sin can be committed against your son than to let him have his own way. Pride will grow fast enough in your daughter's heart without your adding fuel to the flame with extravagant flatteries and fulsome adulation. It is a curious fact that praise when bestowed on noble conduct humbles and sweetens a child; but praise lavished on mere externals—like beauty or dress—only puffs up and inflames selfishness.

Parents, do you always make an especial duty of the peculiarities of each child? Joseph was a very peculiar lad from his very excellences; when his partial father rigged him out in his "coat of many colors," and he began to have dreams of his brothers "bowing down to him," it is not strange that their coarse natures grew jealous and revengeful. Father Jacob sinned against that pure, sensitive boy before the churlish brethren began their villainous outrages. Some children are picked at and scolded, until they become sullen. Others are ridiculed for their deficiencies or deformities, till they grow desperate. Harshness always hardens, and then parental phariseism prays that God would soften the boy's hard heart! To train up a family wisely and for the Lord requires more sagacity than to write a book and more grace than to preach a sermon. It is the highest trusteeship in the world. The family underlies both church and commonwealth. Wherefore, O father and mother, for thy own sake, for God's sake, for the sake of the immortal soul committed to thee, do not sin against the child.—*Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D.*

SILENT INFLUENCE.

"I have no influence," said Elsie Lee to her friend, Miss Tomsin. "Why, I am so timid when in company with others that I hardly dare raise my eyes or open my lips."

"That may be," replied the older lady, "and yet you are always exerting influence wherever you go. You cannot help yourself. An hour ago I bought a little bunch of violets from a German flower girl, and I set them on yonder shelf, beside my dear mother's picture. It is a very tiny bunch, and a person entering the room would very likely not see them, for they do not challenge attention. But every nook and corner of the apartment feels their presence, for their fragrance is pervading the atmosphere. So it is with you, my dear. You love your Saviour, and you try to serve Him. You think you cannot speak for Him, but if you live for Him, and with Him, in gentleness, patience and self-denial, that is better than talking. It does more good. The other evening Jerry Halcomb, who is thoughtless and giddy, made a jest of a verse of Scripture in your hearing. You wished to protest against his act, and tried to do so, but the words would not come. Yet your pained look, your quick blush, your instinctive indignant gesture, spoke

for you, and the young man turned and said, 'I beg your pardon, Miss Elsie.' Was not this a proof that he saw and felt your condemnation?"

Silent influence is stronger than we sometimes think for good and for evil. Let us not under-estimate it.—*Christian at Work.*

VICTIMS OF POMPEII.

Though the victims of the great eruption of Vesuvius in A. D. 79 lived so long ago, they were fellow-creatures, and it is impossible to recall their fate, especially one might think, to recall it on the spot, without a feeling of horror. Sir William Gell estimated the number of people who perished at 1,300; but during recent excavations so many bodies have been found that it seems to have been far greater; and when we consider that, closely as the inhabitants were packed, Pompeii was still but a little place, the proportion of deaths appears large. It is, of course, satisfactory to the antiquary to reflect that the misfortunes of Pompeii have been a great gain to modern knowledge. The manners of the ancient Romans are better known to us by what has been discovered here under the ashes than by all the pictures of statues or writings exhibiting elsewhere. The town had been very recently rebuilt, and the remains are chiefly of one period; but the decorations are remarkable for their rarity as well as for their freshness. In fact, the state of pictorial art in the first century would be almost unknown to us but for the frescoes from the House of the Tragic Poet and the beautiful wall-paintings now in the Naples Museum.—*The Saturday Review.*

WHAT NOT TO DO FOR SICK PEOPLE.

Don't make a fuss. Don't bustle, don't fidget, don't prognosticate. Don't hold consultations in or about the patient's room recounting all your own and your neighbor's experiences in what you suppose to have been like cases. Don't meddle and advise and experiment. We all need a great deal more letting alone than we get, and when we are sick it is one of our prime needs. If mortuary lists were honestly tabulated we should find that more people have been bored to death than have died from neglect. The pest of the sick-room is the inevitable friend who drops in to "cheer up" the patient, the glistening eyes and flushed cheeks which such ministrations evoke being hailed as evidence of success by the well meaning persecutor.

Don't tease the patient with questions about food or drink, but present the proper quantity at suitable intervals; and if one article is found to be disagreeable, substitute another without remark. Don't think, because the patient declines nourishment, that it becomes less necessary to administer it. By quiet, firm, methodical persistence in presenting food at stated periods, objections will become feebler and cease, in self-defence. Solid food need not be insisted upon unless by special direction of the physician, but milk and beef-tea should never be omitted.

Don't shut out the pure air and sunshine. The physician will exercise his skill in vain if wholesome food, pure air and peace do not abet his efforts.—*Home Guardian.*

THE MOUNTAINEER'S ADVICE.

BY MRS. MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

A lady unused to the rough traveling of a mountain land went thither to make her home, and received from one of her new friends this bit of advice. She had been telling of her faintness when guiding her horse through a deep ford where the waters ran swiftly and the roar was incessant, and said she feared she would never be able to overcome the abject physical terror which dominated her whenever she found herself in the strong current midway between the banks.

"Oh! yes, you will," said her companion. "Just take a leaf in your mouth and chew it, and as you ride across, keep your eyes on the other side."

When I heard this I thought there was a lesson in it for myself and perhaps for others. The leaf in the mouth, a simple thing and at first glance unnecessary, nevertheless had a meaning, and I soon discerned it—occupation, diversion for the mind from an unreasoning fear, something to attract attention from fright and peril half unconsciously. The look over and beyond the flood was emblematic of the power of faith, which enables us to go forward, no matter how environed with difficulties, because we are not dwelling so much on the present distress as on the joy that is set before us.

How often we are encompassed, beset and thoroughly perplexed by the contrary circumstances of our lives! Going up stream is hard work when everything about is combining to drag us down. You are a young Christian, and have

resolved by the help of your Divine Saviour to live singly and consistently for Him. But your home influences tend to worldliness, to money-making, to securing social position, or to stepping higher in the sight of men. They who love you most tenderly set stumbling-blocks in your path, and your household affections strive against your spirituality. Do not grieve about it. Take the leaf in your mouth. It may be the leaf of Bible study. A sweet verse in the morning, read, thought over and assimilated, is a wonderful onward helper. It may be the leaf of unobtrusive humility, for you are tempted to pride and Pharisaism more than you are aware. It may be the leaf of gentle effort for the Master, in the Flower Mission, in the invalid's chamber, in the daily homely housework, or in the Sunday-school. Take the leaf, and remember to keep your eyes on the other side—the bright side—where the day dawns and the shadows flee away. You are the head of a family, or you are a man in a place of responsibility, with others depending on you for direction. You cannot swerve by a hair's breadth from your integrity without doing irreparable injury to many interests. Sometimes you are pressed and pulled and harassed in ways which nobody suspects. Neither your wife nor your business partner nor the people you meet as you go to and fro, your pastor nor your intimate friend suspects the peril you are facing. It turns you giddy and sick, but they go gaily on, for your mountain torrent is to them as a silver brook in a green pasture. Do not despair. Take the leaf in your mouth, the leaf of prevailing prayer, the leaf of stubborn honesty or the leaf of brave self-assertion, and look, till your weary eyes grow clear and your feeble heart grows confident, to the other side where all is peace and safety.

We find the most dangerous places in life alone. Others may be near us, but there is solitude sometimes in the midst of company. None of us, however easily and harmoniously adjusted in our various relations, can be assured that the ease will continue. We may yet have to dwell among the rocks, and hear the cataracts but a little way off. Let us heed the advice of the mountaineer.—*Intelligencer.*

MYRRH-BEARERS.

Three women crept at break of day,
 Agrop along the shadowy way
 Where Joseph's tomb and garden lay;
 Each in her throbbing bosom bore
 A burden of such fragrant store,
 As never there had lain before.
 Spices, the purest, richest, best,
 That e'er the musky East possessed,
 From Ind to Araby the Blest.

Had they, with sorrow-riven hearts,
 Searched all Jerusalem's costliest marts
 In quest of nards, whose pungent arts
 Should the dead sepulchre imbue
 With vital odors through and through:
 'Twas all their love had left to do:
 Christ did not need their gifts; and yet

Did either Mary once regret
 Her offering? Did Salome fret
 Over those unused aloes? Nay!
 They did not count as waste that day
 What they had brought their Lord. The way
 Home seemed the path to heaven. They bear
 Thenceforth about the robes they wear
 The clinging perfume everywhere.

So ministering, as erst did these,
 Go women forth by twos and threes
 (Unmindful of their morning ease)
 Through tragic darkness, murky dim,
 Where'er they see the faintest rim
 Of promise—all for sake of Him
 Who rose from Joseph's tomb. They hold
 It just such joy as these of old
 To tell the tale the Marys told.

Myrrh-bearers still—at home, abroad,
 What paths have holy women trod,
 Burdened with votive gifts for God!—
 Rare gifts, whose chiefest worth was priced
 By this one thought, that all sufficed:
 Their spices have been bruised for Christ.

—Margaret J. Preston.

BURMESE UMBRELLAS.

The London *Globe* says the umbrella, which the Englishman under his threatening climate wisely considers an indispensable accompaniment of his toilet as often as he breathes the outer air, is for very different reasons in the East a necessity to the native. In Siam and Burmah, China, Annam and Cochinchina, it is not only the necessary protection against the intrusive rays of a vertical sun, but it has functions of its own to discharge which are quite foreign to it even in those countries where it is, as it was, intended to be, a "little shade." It is a distinctive feature in the lives and characters of the natives of those parts, and their kings and emperors, when writing to one another, to allude to their subjects as "wearers of the umbrella" is a contradiction to the ignorant and misguided people of other climes. Thus we find an Emperor of China writing to a King of Burmah:—"From the royal elder brother, Ton-kwang, Emperor of China, who rules over a multitude of

umbrella-wearing chiefs in the Great Eastern Empire," to "his royal younger brother sun-descended King, lord of the golden palace, who rules over a multitude of umbrella-wearing chiefs in the Great Western Empire." In Burmah especially the umbrella has a deep and secret meaning to convey what is as double Dutch at first to the foreigner's ear. It is, it need hardly be said, the necessary finish to the out-of-door toilet of a Pegasus or Burmese fashionable, but it is much more. It has very delicate duties to perform which could not so well be allotted in Burmah to any other instrument. Gold or gilded umbrellas, which in the Provinces may be carried by any nobody, are reserved in the capital for Princes of the blood alone; and red umbrellas are affected by the gay sparks of Burmese society as being the next thing most gaudy in appearance. Etiquette has also fixed the exact number of umbrellas that Burmese nobles may display when they approach the "lord of the golden palace;" and it has now been settled by the Mandelay Herald's office beyond possibility of dispute that no one but the Ein-She Men, or heir apparent, is entitled to have borne over his litter the full complement of eight golden umbrellas. To carry a letter under an umbrella is to accord to it royal honors in Burmah. Eight golden umbrellas are properly carried over a King's letter, and when the Burmese authorities would not permit the umbrellas to be carried over the Governor-General's letter, according to custom, Major Phayre, our envoy to Burmah in 1855, insisted upon the Union Jack being waved over it on its way from the Residency to the palace.

TRUE VIGOR.

The vigor of a church is not determined by the amount of its demonstration. It often happens that congregations make up for what they lack in real spiritual power by noise and display. An energetic pastor or an excitable member may stir up a people till they effervesce in all kinds of religious service, fully believing themselves to be powerfully wrought upon by the Spirit of God, who are yet merely the subjects of human zeal. Sloth and inactivity are ruinous to the spiritual condition of any church, but artificial stimulation is nearly if not quite as bad. Diligence, earnest effort, prayer to God in humbleness and submission to His will—the right use of all these means of grace, and patient waiting for His blessing—these are methods which have the divine promises, and which have been proven effective. In these days the church needs to learn that the world is not to be converted by spurt and spasm, but by the orderly application of the Gospel in dependence on the blessing of heaven.

Useful Hints and Recipes.

IT IS SAID that newly laid eggs may be kept fresh for two to four months by packing in clean old oats and storing in a temperature of 36° to 40°.

TO CURE TONGUES.—Four quarts salt, two quarts molasses, six ounces saltpeter, three gallons water. Boil and skim the ingredients, and when cold pour over the tongues.

BREADED EGG-PLANT.—Slice nearly an inch thick; pare each slice, and lay in salt and water one hour. Wipe dry, dip in beaten egg, then rolled crackers, and fry to a fine brown in salted lard or drippings.

IT MAY NOT have occurred to some housekeepers that bureaus and other pieces of heavy furniture having drawers in them near the floor, may have the dust thoroughly removed from under them by taking out the drawers and using a wisp broom to remove the dust. This is a great deal easier than moving the entire piece of furniture, which, with women who are not strong, is often impossible.

TO CAN SWEET CORN.—Very many fail in their attempts to can green corn for winter use. The following is one of the best methods, which we take from the *American Grocer*, and we advise all who wish to can corn to preserve directions:

The corn should be picked when just milk ripe. After husking, the kernels are cut from the cob with a gauged knife and the cob scraped to get all the juices. Next it is placed in tin cans without admixture (though sometimes a little sugar is added to poor corn) and sealed up airtight. Then comes the "processing" or boiling, viz: subjecting the can and contents to the heat of boiling water from one to three hours, according to the size of the can. This can only be determined by experiment. Next they are taken from the boiling water and a small hole punched in the top of the can, to allow the escape of the gases, and instantly resealed, after which the can is replaced in the hot bath and allowed to remain as long or longer than at first.

Miscellaneous.

SWEETBRIAR.

A branch of sweetbriar—Ah, my heart!
The tender tears unbidden start
To weary, world-worn eyes;
I kiss the faded, fragrant spray,
And memories of a bygone day
Before my vision rise.

How often my lost darling wore
The sweetbriar green! She loved it more
Than many-tinted bloom;
It often graced her maiden breast,
Now, planted where she lies at rest,
It clings about her tomb.

My little love in days of old!
Youth's morning-hour of rose and gold
Comes back to me to-night;
I see her in her girlish grace,
The sunny sweetness of her face,
Her childish robe of white.

I smell the sweetbriar in her hand,
I see the garden where we stand
Upon a southern shore.
I hear the rippling streamlet fall,
I hear her laughter musical,
Now silenced evermore.

She was too frail for earth's employ,
Too calm and pure for human joy,
But like the sweetbriar green,
The memory of her gentle life
Makes sweet the years of worldly strife
That lie our lives between.

Thy life and mine, my little love,
My life below, thy life above,
God's love shall reunite:
I kiss the tiny faded spray,
My sweetbriar graces far away,
The land of pure delight!

—All the Year Round.

SCANDANAVIAN DRINKING BOUTS.

Learned commentators on the Northern antiquities help us to conjure up the scene of one of those drinking bouts. It is a bitter evening in winter; the war galleys have been laid up in ordinary for the season, and the time hangs heavy on the hands of the vikings. The better part of the morning passed in sleeping off the effects of the previous debauch; and, after breaking their fasts with unimpaired appetites, the listless warriors roused themselves for exercise, and have been stretching their muscles over manly sports. All the same, the short day has dragged, and they have welcomed the heavy fall of the shadows. The feast has been spread in rude profusion; the huge salted joints have been picked to the bone and tossed to the hounds; the bare tables on the trestles have been cleared away, and the boisterous company, breathing hard after the meal, has settled itself down for an earnest carouse. Though the hall is lighted with numerous torches, it is no easy matter to distinguish objects, for the smoke from the fire blazing in the middle is curling up to the rafters of the lofty roof, in vain attempts to escape by the smoke holes. But all around the revellers are grouped on the rough benches, while at the end, on a dais above their followers, sit the chiefs in the places of honor. Tables may be dispensed with. The great horns, with the cup-bearers, or horn bearers, in attending to replenish them, pass swiftly from hand to hand. There are toasts and "sentiments" and long-winded speeches as well, on solemn occasions of ceremony. The scalds sitting apart, their eyes "in a fine frenzy rolling," chant the memorable deeds of gods and heroes, and especially the feats of the present company, in interminable stanzas more or less melodious; and the fierce revellers chime in with the chorus till roof and rafters ring again. Naturally the fun grows fast and furious. Thanks to the form of the drinking vessels, there is no setting them down between pulls. It was the anticipation of the fashion of the hard drinkers of a later age, who guarded against heel-taps on the sly by knocking the bottoms of their glasses. It was the pride of those "jolly good fellows" of the North to take off the contents of the horn at a breath. The muddy ale and the headier mead must have muddled weaker or more delicate brains. As it was, there was little intelligence to be confused, and not much wit to be expelled, though, if the Sagas are to be trusted, those case-hardened toppers are to be credited occasionally with some bit of dry humor. But the warm blood grew hotter still as the liquor went coursing through the fevered veins, and quarrels began that led on to bloody feuds afterwards, if comrades prevented their being settled on the spot. More than once in such a banqueting hall some epic in action had its sanguinary denouement—as when the Burgundians, prompted by the vengeance of Kriemhild, beset the heroes of the Niebelungenlied on the banks of the Danube; and after Radiger, in the sublimity of his chivalry, had handed his shield to Hagen, there began "the slaughter grim and great."—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

BUSINESS LIFE IN ANCIENT ROME.

Of manufactories on a large scale there were few in Rome, though some of the most prominent nobles owned factories in Italy and the provinces. Even the Emperors did not disdain to be interested in ventures of this kind. M. Aurelius inherited from his mother immense brick-factories; and even now bricks are found bearing the name of Ca. Domitius Tullus, the Emperor's great-grandfather by adoption. Another Emperor, Pertinax, for three years conducted a felt factory in Liguria. As Senators were forbidden to engage in trade, the future Emperor had recourse to the usual expedient to baffle the law. He set up in business trusty freedmen and slaves who disposed of his manufactures. Other Senators owned potteries or worked mines and quarries.

But though great quantities of merchandise were supplied by these factories, and the finer fabrics were imported ready-made from the East, most manufactured articles were produced on a small scale in the city itself. It was truly a beehive of artisans and mechanics. Bakers, tailors, shoemakers, carpenters, smiths, dyers, tanners, fullers, potters, masons, carvers and a host of others here busily plied their trades and earned a modest livelihood. Of shoemakers there were five or six varieties. Even the sculptor restricted himself to one branch of his art. There were artists who produced only Genii or Victories—nay, some whose sole occupation was to insert eyes into statues made by others. Two statues have been found in which the bodies were exact duplicates, though one was surmounted by the head of Augustus, the other by that of Agrippa. Some sculptors, therefore, kept on hand a supply of ready-made bodies, for which heads were made to order. Of course, the price of work so produced was very low, and a respectable life size statue of marble or bronze could be got for one hundred and thirty to one hundred and seventy dollars, at a time when from ten to thirty thousand dollars were paid for a Phidias or a Scopas.

No doubt, many of the mechanics and tradesmen of Rome were slaves; but that a large number were free citizens must be inferred from the number and importance of their colleges or guilds. Their establishment reaches back into hoary antiquity, for they are said to have been founded by Numa Pompilius. They were associations with corporate rights, whose aim was not only to further the business interests of their members, but also to provide them with congenial amusements. Not only each trade had its guild, but sometimes each branch of a trade. For instance, there were not only goldsmith and silversmith guilds, but also a guild of ringmakers. Of their influence on business life, we have no detailed knowledge. We are better informed of their social features. They all worshipped Minerva, the goddess of mechanical arts, whose festival (March 19 to 23) they scrupulously kept; but, besides, each guild had some special patron, whose feast was celebrated by them with much pomp and display. The bakers, for instance, were the special wards of Vesta, the goddess of the hearth-fire; and on her feast (June 9) they marched forth in procession, accompanied by their asses, which were adorned with garlands of flowers and loaves of bread.

The expenses of the artisan were not very large, for living at Rome was cheap. From an edict of the Emperor Diocletian which seems to give the maximum prices of labor, and merchandize, Forbiger has conjectured that the shop rent cost from \$60 to \$75 annually, while the average yearly pay of a journeyman mechanic was from \$95 to \$125 and board. The annual cost of food he computes at \$40, and of clothing at \$15 per head. The prices of the mechanic's products were correspondingly low, as appears from the following items; 1 felt hat, \$1; 1 pair man's gaiters, 50 cents; 1 pair woman's gaiters, 30 cents; 1 pair shoes, 36 cents; 1 pair man's sandals, 26 cents; 1 pair slippers, 30 cents; 1 tunic, \$16 to 36; 1 toga, \$20 to \$48. We must not forget to mention that a shave could be had at the most fashionable shop for 4 cents.

When their earnings were so exceedingly moderate, mechanics were not likely to become millionaires. But even under the most adverse circumstances, Fortune will smile on her favorites. Of these was Juvenal's barber. Much to the disgust of the poet, whose beard he had rasped in early manhood, he finally rivalled the richest Senators in wealth. Pliny tells the story of an ugly, hunch-backed slave, Clesippus by name, and a fuller by trade. At an auction sale of his master's effects, he was thrown in with a candlestick that was sold to a widow. He gained the favor of his mistress, became her heir, and bloomed out into a millionaire. Thereafter the candlestick was the principal deity of his chapel.

But, apart from these favorites of fortune, the artisans of Rome had a hard

struggle for existence. They not only labored and toiled at their trades, but neglected no opportunity to turn an honest penny by other expedients. Our modern distiller at times keeps cows, and sells swill milk, it is said; at Rome every baker utilized his bran by keeping hogs, and these roaming through the streets of the metropolis, formed a pleasing feature in the landscape, and diffused an exceedingly fragrant aroma. As we find now and then a barber who trains canaries to distract his victims and to put a few extra dollars into his purse, so the barbers, cobblers and tailors of Rome educated crows and magpies. Some of these birds have become historical. Under Tiberius, a raven trained by a cobbler flew to the rostra every day and croaked out the names of the emperor and of his nephews, Drusus and Germanicus. A neighboring tradesman killed the bird through spite; he could not have fared worse had he killed its owner. He was expelled from the ward and then assassinated, while the murdered pet was borne to solemn burial by two blackamoors. A crow was the heroine of a less tragical story. Its master had drilled it to say, "Hail Caesar, victorious Emperor!" in the hope that Augustus would pay a handsome price for so loyal a bird. Often, when the scholar proved stupid, the cobbler growled out, "I have lost my time and my trouble." At last, the bird's education being finished, it was taken to the Emperor. It shrieked "Hail Caesar!" most enthusiastically, but to no purpose; Augustus obstinately refused to buy the bird. At last, as if conscious of the situation, the crow croaked out, in disgust, "I have lost my time and my trouble." It was at once installed in the palace, and the cobbler went home rejoicing.

The Roman tradesman was an object of scorn to the wealthier classes, and the butt of their jokes. He was charged with ignorance, knavery and filthy habits. The fishmongers were taunted with wiping their noses on their sleeves, and the tanners reproached for finding no offensive smell in the money which they earned by their unsavory industry. No doubt there was some truth in these accusations. Still, all the mechanics of the Seven Hills were far from being unlearned; some evidently relished poetry, for on the walls of their shops, lines from Virgil, Ovid and other poets are found by the modern explorer.

For the most part, the shops adjoined the dwellings, and men of the same trade often dwelt next to each other in the same street.—*Exchange*.

THE BONAPARTES.

The bones of the Bonapartes are scattered far and wide. Italy holds many of their sepulchres. There lie Joseph and Lucien, Pauline and Caroline and Eliza. In Rome and Florence has their dust mingled with the dust. The ashes of Josephine are at Rueil. Jerome, sometime King of Westphalia, found, as Governor of the Invalids, a tomb close to the mausoleum of his great brother. An adopted Bonaparte, Joachim Napoleon—"le Roi Murat"—fills a nameless grave. His corpse after his execution was huddled into a trench full of quicklime in the wild Calabrian country. The king of Rome was interred in the vaults of the Capuchins at Vienna; Mme Mere was buried in Rome; the bodies of Napoleon III. and the Prince Imperial repose in the quiet little Roman Catholic chapel at Chiselhurst; while the good and evil genius of the race, the founder of this wondrous family, the man who might have made his country, and indeed the better part of Europe, prosperous, happy, and free, but who spread, instead, broadcast, death, devastation, and havoc, bloodshed and tears, and ruin and irreparable despair, slumbers under the golden dome of the Invalides, in the stately cenotaph, the walls of which are supported by the twelve victories of Pradier—slumbers there, with the cloak of Marengo and the sword of Austerlitz on his coffin.

CHINESE COURT EXTRAVAGANCES.

If credit may be attached to a report emanating from the superintendent of the Imperial Silk Manufactories at Hangchow, and published in a recent number of the official *Peking Gazette*, the expenditures of the Chinese Court upon silken fabrics have, within the last two years, attained unheard-of proportions, floridly described by the conscientious Mandarin as "inconceivable, immeasurable and immoral." His Excellency states that, during the year 1878 alone, silks of various qualities, valued by him at £80,000, wholesale price, were supplied to the Imperial Palace—among them 1,300 "pieces" for the use of the servants in the Emperor's gymnasium alone, the greater number of which "pieces" he believes to have been fraudulently disposed of by sale to retail

silk dealers or to lenders of money upon "portable property." The above sum of £80,000 does not comprise the cost of the gorgeous silken robes and other garments supplied to the Empresses and Court ladies, many of which cost over a thousand pounds apiece. Seventy illustrious dames, matrimonially and otherwise connected with the Brother of the Sun and Moon, are especially furnished with unlimited "costumes" from the imperial factory in question; and their outlay annually in silk dresses is estimated at another £100,000. When one of these ladies succumbs to the common lot of humanity, her entire wardrobe is buried with her; and thus enormous sums are annually wasted. It is somewhat of a novelty in the Flowery Realm that an exalted imperial officer should venture to expose Palace abuses, and we trust the worthy superintendent will be enabled to weather the storm of female wrath that can scarcely fail to be aroused by his courageous revelations.—*London Telegraph*.

Selections.

The plain and wholesome things of life are its greatest blessings. We are taught to pray, not for luxuries or dainties, but for our daily bread.

Life's evening will take its character from the day which has preceded it; and if we would close our career in religious hope, we must prepare for it by continuous religious habit.

One by one thy duties wait thee;
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams elate thee;
Learn thou first what these can teach.
—*Adelaide A. Proctor*.

That man is in darkness who never brings himself forth into the living presence of the Most High; who never brings his thoughts, his aims, his principles, his works to the test of some high and unflinching standard, even the standard of the divine righteousness and truth.

There is no wilderness so dreary but that Christ's love can illuminate it; no desolation so desolate but that He can sweeten it. I know what I am saying. It is no delusion. I believe that the highest, purest happiness is known only to those who have learned Christ in sick-rooms, in poverty, in racking suspense and anxiety, amid hardships, and at the open grave.—*Mrs. E. Prentiss*.

I see in the world two heaps—human happiness and misery. If I can take but the smallest bit from one heap and add to the other, I have carried a point. If a child has dropped a half-penny, and by giving it another I can wipe away its tears, I feel I have done something. I should be glad, indeed, to do greater things, but I will not neglect this.—*Rev. J. Newton*.

Items of Interest.

An eruption of Mount Vesuvius began on July 25, and the same day there was a shock of earthquake at Naples.

The gross revenue of the British United Kingdom for the year ended June 30th is £82,000,000 against £83,250,000 last year.

Nearly £5,000 have been already subscribed to sustain a series of actions against Mr. Bradlaugh for his vote in Parliament without having taken the oath of allegiance.

Robert Morris' estate has just been adjudicated—seventy-four years after his death. The final division has been made, \$9,692 50 going to the Heyburn estate, and \$9,696 49 to Robert Morris, as next of kin.

The Vatican is regaining rapidly its lost influence in legislation in Italy. In the recent municipal elections in Rome the Clericals filled their own out of fourteen vacancies in the municipal council, and of provincial councilors they returned four out of five.

Some idea of the distribution of the grain business may be gained from the following figures: The total receipts at the ports of New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia and Boston for the first six months of this year were 5,311,340 bushels more than for the same six months of 1879. New York has gained 8,445,715 bushels, while the other three ports have lost 3,134,366 bushels. Of the deliveries at New York, the canal this year delivered 11,225,024 bushels more than it did last year, and all the railroads 2,702,213 bushels less than they did last year. At Chicago the receipts from January 1st to June 30th, this year, were 5,289,213 bushels more than for the same time in 1879, and the shipments were 11,211,732 bushels greater in 1880 than in 1879. At Milwaukee the receipts for the six months of this year were 3,665,173 bushels less than they were for the same months of 1879, the shipments being about the same in each year.

Science and Art.

The British Museum has purchased a collection of Babylonian inscribed cuneiform terra-cotta tablets. Among them are additions to the legend of the creation.

MAKING SHOES BY MACHINERY.—It is stated that in this country, on the simple article of shoe-pegs and shoe peggers, there are 576 patents; and 2,000 patents on machinery. One class of machines last year sewed, it is estimated, forty-five million pairs of shoes and another class pegged fifty-five million pairs. Ten men with the present machinery can make six hundred pairs of shoes a day; four hundred and sixty bushels of loose pegs are made in New England per day, and one cent's worth will peg four pairs of shoes. Two million of shoe-pegs were made in the United States last year, all turned out by machinery.

Siberia has been declared by M. Ferdinand de Lesseps to be the richest country of the whole world in respect of the produce of the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms. Nor will this estimate appear overdrawn when we consider the abundance and variety of the

wares which Siberia is capable of supplying—gold, silver, copper, iron, graphite, and coal, fossil ivory, timber from boundless forests, wheat and other vegetable produce from illimitable plains of the most fertile soil; in course of time, even vines from the warm southern region, wool, tallow, and meat from the grassy prairies—the meat preserved fresh by simple exposure to the severe cold of winter—and finally fish of the finest quality in extraordinary numbers.—*Exchange*.

HOW A MOSQUITO BITES.—As mosquitoes are very numerous this Summer, perhaps our readers would like to know the scientific process of the operation. The bill is a complex institution. It has a blunt fork at the head, and is apparently grooved. Working through the groove, and projecting from the centre of the angle of the fork, is a lance of perfect form, sharpened with a fine bevel. Beside it the most perfect lance looks like a hand saw. On either side of this lance two saws are arranged, with the points fine and sharp and the teeth well defined and keen. The backs of these saws play against the lance. When the mosquito alights with his peculiar hum, it thrusts its keen lance, and then enlarges the aperture with the two saws, which play beside the lance until the forked bill with its capillary arrangement for pumping blood can be inserted. The sawing process is what grates upon the nerves of the victim, and causes him to strike wildly at the sawyer. Dr. Bushnell tried, in his essay on The Moral Uses of Dark Things, to account for the existence of the mosquito by regarding it as a sort of "object lesson," intended to teach pestered humanity the exceeding hatefulness of "little sins." There is no doubt but a mosquito can bring out the little sins of humanity.

Personal.

Hon. W. A. Bigler, Ex Governor of Pennsylvania, died at his home in Clearfield county, last week.

Mr. Ruskin has permitted himself to be nominated for the lord rectorship of Glasgow University by the Conservative Independent Clubs.

Prof. Brueck, a Protestant, has been chosen rector of the University of Vienna, being the first of that faith to hold that position in six hundred years.

Queen Victoria under no circumstances allows a lady whose name has appeared in a divorce court, either as complainant or otherwise, to appear at one of her drawing-rooms.

Rev. Dr. West, of Cincinnati, who but a short time ago was professor in the Presbyterian Theological Seminary at Danville, Kentucky, has applied for admission into the Reformed Episcopal Church.

Farm and Garden.

Prof. Budd, of Iowa, says that training beans on a pole is not only unnecessary, but a decided disadvantage. When the tendrils begin to start on the plants he nips them off. By going over the plants two or three times afterwards, and clipping off the climbing tendrils, the plants become low and bushy and are loaded with early-maturing pods.

THE ROTTING OF CELERY.—Sometimes celery prematurely rots, which is generally owing to its rank growth just before it is put into the trenches in the fall. Another cause of rotting is dryness of the ground when it is lifted to put into the trenches, and a continued drouth three or four weeks after it is put in, which prevents it from starting roots. The rotting may be prevented by leaving some earth attached to the roots when the celery is dug up, setting the plants immediately in the trench, packing the earth firmly around the roots; and if the ground is dry apply a little water.

ON THE CULTURE OF CABBAGE.—The question is of frequent occurrence—why can not private families have head cabbage as early as the market gardener? Simply because of the imperfect culture and insufficient manuring. The market gardener feeds his cabbage crop without stint, and with the rankest food; frequently plows in the manure in the autumn, turns it up in the spring, and thoroughly incorporates it with the soil—plants early, cultivates deeply, not simply tickling the surface with the hand hoe, but uses the plough and the horse hoe; that can not always be done in the comparatively small family garden, but the spade can be used, and that is the next best thing. Use it freely, dig deep, and the result will surprise those who have heretofore relied upon the hoe alone.—*Landreth's Register*.

REPLACING A HORSE'S SHOE.—In the busy season on the farm, there is often much time lost and work delayed by frequent journeys to the blacksmith shop. Many of these visits are unavoidable; but when made for the simple resetting of a single horseshoe, it is expensive. A job like the replacing of a "thrown" shoe should be done at home. It is not a difficult one and the needed tools are few and inexpensive. A light hammer, a pair of pincers, a punch, all of which every farmer's workshop should contain for other uses, and a few horseshoe nails are all that is necessary. It might be well to add to this a blacksmith's plane to smooth down the face of the foot, but for the simple resetting of the shoe this is not required. If the shoe is only loose, it may be tightened by driving up the old nails and clinching them anew; but if quite loose it had better be taken off, which can be done with the pincers, care being taken not to break the hoof. All the old nails should be removed by using the punch. The most difficult matter is the driving of the new nails, which must be so "pointed" at the end that they may not go into the "quick," but come to the upper surface of the hoof an inch or so above the sole. This can be learned by watching a blacksmith, and if he is a good-natured one, he will willingly show how it is done. A little practice will render it an easy matter to drive the nails in the proper manner. As the nails are driven through, they should be turned down, and afterward nipped off with the pincers and curved in to hold firmly. The work of resetting a shoe can be quickly done, and at a time when no loss is incurred. The morning before work, or the hour of rest at noon, may be so employed, and a journey saved, of miles it may be, to the nearest blacksmith. The shoe may come off at a time when replacing it at once will save the labor of the team and hands for a half a day or more, in which case the ability to reset the shoe is a very labor-saving accomplishment, and should be possessed by every economic and energetic farmer throughout the country.—*Agriculturist*.

The Messenger.

REV. P. S. DAVIS, D. D., EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

Rev. S. R. FISHER, D. D.,
Rev. C. U. HELLMAN,
Rev. A. R. KREMER, } Synodical Editors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. Communications on practical subjects and items of intelligence relating to the Church, are solicited. Persons who forward communications should not write anything pertaining to the business of the office on the back of their communications, but on a separate slip—or, if on the same sheet, in such a way, that it can be separated from the communication, without affecting it.

☞ We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscripts.
For Terms, see First page.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 18, 1880.

FANATICISM IN TEMPERANCE.

Fanaticism has its philosophy and explanation as well as any thing else. There is often much to palliate it. The exception to this is to be found in cases, where malice cloaks itself under the garb of zeal. Then, men ride stick horses, and we never saw a little boy on such a horse, except it was a very wild, intractable one. How that broom-handle does seem to cavort and kick up and try to throw its rider, and how the rider does jerk and whip to reduce the unruly beast to complete submission! But apart from the child's play, fanatics usually are apprehended by some great truth which they wish to enforce by strange methods. A man may become a monomaniac on the most trifling subject; but, as a rule, there is some deep under current which catches and tosses him upon its ripple. Fanaticism oftenest springs out of some lop sided religious view, or some great moral reform, of which the world stands in need.

This is singularly illustrated in what is known as the "Temperance movements" of the day. Our readers will easily understand what we mean by that, for "Temperance" seems to be associated in the minds of the people with one thing. This is not to be wondered at. It is startling to think, that ninety-nine one hundredths of the misery and outward violence, with which the world is cursed, comes directly or indirectly from the use of intoxicating drinks. No wonder, we say, that even men who study only finance and do not look beyond the economic view—that is, who do not consider the moral waste, which is far worse than that of money, should rise up and try to cut off the head of the hydra-headed monster by some legislative enactment. On this score alone, there is enough to arouse all right-minded men, and Christians, who may not apprehend any immediate danger to themselves and who may not have extreme views upon the subject, should yet say, "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world stands." If mere expediency requires total abstinence in things indifferent, let total abstinence prevail.

But this matter of cost in money, although amazing, is comparatively a mere surface consideration. The loss of character and happiness, and the ruin of souls, shows the more awful waste. If we go to any community and look at the blasted lives and desolate homes; at the cruelty and crime that has flowed from that one source, we cannot think strange, that heart-broken wives and famishing children should make raids upon dram shops and clean them out by force of arms. The moral right seems to be all on their side, and it looks as if the God of battles should nerve them to the task. Every one who has had a dissipated husband, or son, or brother, feels this. But such demonstrations do not usually come from those, who suffer most in that direction. They are generally made by theorists, who think it easy to lash the Hellespont to submission, and who usually fail in the long run to accomplish much. One difficulty is that they look upon the evil as simply outward.

We think that good restrictive laws have been advantageous to communities. They may not have been perfect, but they have been susceptible of improvement, and, with all their defects, they have been a blessing to the tempted. But it is a great mistake to think that the inward propensities of men can be

entirely removed by taking away the opportunity to indulge them. A murderous disposition is not eradicated by placing knives and pistols beyond reach, yet some people proceed upon the principle that men will not be drunkards in heaven, simply because there will be no spirituous liquors so'd there. A changed nature, and conquered vices, have very little to do with the matter.

These are they, who think the wine of the Holy Communion, instituted by Christ Himself, is dangerous. A few weeks ago, we received an invitation to make a temperance speech, at what was called a "Non-sectarian Gospel Meeting," which had for its motto, "Total Abstinence and Full Salvation." The pledge printed on the back of the card handed to us reads as follows:

"I, the undersigned, hereby solemnly promise, by Divine aid, that I will abstain from all intoxicating liquors, not only as a beverage, but also as a medicine, and as a sacramental symbol; and that I will not furnish to others the vile liquid I hereby reject myself."

Of course, no minister of the Gospel could take such a pledge, without renouncing his commission and repudiating a sacrament which Christ has ordained to be continued to the end of time. Certainly He made no mistake, and yet what He instituted for a remembrance and strength is looked upon as stopping short with a temptation.

"Full Salvation," we respectfully submit, implies redemption from depraved appetites, and if a man has not achieved a victory over them which will prevent them from prevailing in a solemn institution of religion, he needs a much more thorough cleansing than many men suppose.

Upon the whole, the Temperance movement needs to be saved from the hands of some of its professed friends.

BOGUS DIPLOMAS.

The Bogus Diploma Mills in this city have been stopped, and none too soon. Speaking of the lately raided factory for furnishing fraudulent parchments which gave men license to practice medicine, the *Record* says:—"There are fully eleven thousand diplomas from Buchanan's institution current to-day throughout the world. The names of fifteen hundred appear in Buchanan's announcements. The other ninety-five hundred do not so appear, simply because from the peculiar methods employed by Buchanan they could not be incorporated in his yearly announcements."

The question arises, where are all the impostors who are using these certificates? Many of the parchments have been taken abroad. Attention was first called to the matter a few years ago, by the United States Minister, at the court of Berlin, and more recently a Consul at one of the ports of Spain has advised Secretary Evarts, that the same miserable trade has been carried on in that country.

This is set down as a disgrace to our nation in lands where the authority to practice a profession must be justly earned, and can be given only after severe examination by a faculty appointed for the purpose. But a large majority of the diplomas have doubtless been sold at home, and are used by unscrupulous men who dare to jeopardize the lives of their fellow-beings for pecuniary gain. Every one is interested in this matter, and recent developments will call for greater watchfulness over those who come as strangers into communities, and hang out their "shingles."

A MENNONITE COLONY IN DELAWARE.

It is announced, that J. Thomas Budd, Land Agent at Wilmington, Delaware, has made arrangements for the settlement of three thousand German Mennonites from South Russia, on the peninsula of that State. He has already secured five thousand acres of land at a reasonable price for the use of the colony, and is endeavoring to make further purchases for the same purpose. The colonists obtain the lands on ten years credit. They have heretofore resided on the banks of the lower Volga, and were landed, with other fellow-emigrants, direct from Bremen, at New Castle, Delaware. It is not stated in what particular portion of the peninsula the colony is to be located.

FURTHER DOTTINGS FROM THE DOMINION.

When we had finished the article, which appeared in last week's "MESSENGER," we presumed we should have nothing more to say in reference to "The Dominion," at this time. Such, however, is not the case. Other matters of interest came subsequently under observation, before taking final leave of our Canada friends, to which we feel constrained to make a brief reference, and some notice of which also, we presume, will be acceptable to the most of our readers.

On Tuesday, August 3d, we, in company with a few friends, made a visit to Toronto, some forty miles north of Hamilton, on the borders of Lake Ontario. For this purpose, we availed ourselves of the facilities afforded by one of the large steamers belonging to a line of boats, which ply on the lake between Hamilton and Toronto, and, on the day named, took a number of excursion parties from towns bordering on the lake, to the latter city. It was the first time we ever made a trip of similar length on any one of our large lakes, and the scenes occurring on board were altogether new to us. As the wind blew freely, the waters of the lake were somewhat rough, which caused the boat to pitch considerably. We had not been long out on the lake before one passenger after another began to show signs of sickness, and this continued until the great bulk of them were lying around, occupying almost every nook and corner, where a resting place could be found. The scene on deck, and especially, in the cabin, resembled that to be seen in a large hospital. We personally enjoyed the motion and were much amused at the plight of the most of our fellow-passengers, though we could not fail to feel more or less sympathy for them.

We spent several hours in Toronto, a large portion of which was devoted to sight-seeing. The city has largely extended its dimensions since we visited it ten years ago. It now numbers about seventy thousand inhabitants. Not only are its suburbs being rapidly built up, but also many of the older and smaller buildings on its principal streets have been, and are still being, replaced by large and costly edifices. Manufactories of various kinds are found in different parts of the city, and extensive wholesale, as well as retail, establishments abound. It is a place of much thrift, and enjoys the advantage of an extensive trade in various commodities.

In addition to a large driving-park in the suburbs, a pleasant smaller park, for recreation, is found in the heart of the city. It has extensive walks and abounds in large plots covered over with beautiful flowers neatly arranged, all of which are in good condition. We spent an hour or more, in passing through its various aisles and enjoying the pleasant surroundings.

The principal place of interest, however, which we visited, was the Museum connected with the Normal School of the city, at which teachers, both male and female, are trained for presiding over the various schools in this part of the Dominion. It has extensive accommodations for both male and female pupils. In the immediate vicinity of them is a large park, handsomely arranged and abounding in various separate plots, decorated with beautiful flowers and variegated plants, and kept in most excellent order. The whole presents to the visitor many attractions.

On the side of this park adjacent to the school buildings is a large, stately edifice, in which is kept the Museum attached to the school. It presents an imposing appearance, and in its interior, furnishes capacious and well-arranged apartments for the exhibition of the various objects of interest, making up their several contents. Whilst almost everything is to be found there which make up an extensive Museum, the Statuary and Picture departments are especially full and fine. We lingered in its alcoves a couple of hours, and could have spent a much longer time there with pleasure and profit. The Museum is open at proper hours of the day for the admission of visitors. The attachment of such a Museum, which will compare favorably with many held by individuals or companies for

gain, to an institution devoted especially to the preparation of teachers for their important work, is a praiseworthy arrangement, and deserves to be adopted by similar institutions in the States.

When about to enter on our return trip, our cousin, with whom we had made our head-quarters, kindly proposed to take us some twenty-five miles on our way in a private conveyance. He had a desire to visit once more the farm on which his father had settled when he removed from the States in 1799, and on which he, himself, had been born and reared. We had also heard, prior to our late trip, from other parties near home, that there were some objects of special interest in that locality, and hence gladly acceded to his proposition.

On our way thither, Friday morning, August 6th, we passed over the entire length of the beach, which separates Burlington bay from Lake Ontario, to which we referred in our previous articles, thus shortening the distance some five or six miles, from what it would have been, had we gone through the city of Hamilton. Soon after leaving the beach, we entered into a very good section of country, which has been occupied by settlers since near the close of the last century. The appearance of the buildings, as well as the condition of the farms, indicated the long occupancy by settlers of the region, through which we passed. A number of small towns dot the main road, and orchards, evidently of many years growth, show themselves on every side.

Our attention was especially arrested by the large, flourishing peach orchards, which loom up through a considerable portion of our way, especially in the vicinity of Grimsby, near to which is located a large, favorite camp-ground, belonging to the Methodists. We had before thought, that, whilst the climate of Canada is favorable to the growth of other fruits, peaches could not be raised to any great extent within its limits. In this we were mistaken, in part at least. Whilst this impression holds good with regard to the lands lying on the west and north sides of Lake Ontario, it does not apply to the lands bordering on the east and south sides of the lake. As our personal observations convinced us, the lands in the latter sections are specially adapted to peach growing, and hence they have been, to a large extent, of late years, devoted to this kind of production. This section has accordingly become to the cities within reach, what Delaware is to Philadelphia, New York and other cities accessible to it.

The farm, which was the special object of our visit, lies some three miles southeast from Beamsville station, one mile from Beamsville in Lincoln county, on the Great Western Railroad, and some twenty miles from the Suspension Bridge, below the Niagara Falls. The buildings are immediately under the brow of the mountain, as it is called, which seems to form what may have once been the extreme limit of the lake. At this point, the face of the mountain is constituted of immense limestone rocks, which are piled one upon another and rise abruptly some two hundred feet from the base, the limits of the plain below. We proceeded to the top, and from this point had an extensive view down the lake, embracing in it, as stated to us, when the sky is clear, Toronto, some forty-five miles distant, as well as other towns along the shore of the lake.

It is somewhat dangerous traveling on the top of the mountain near its edge, as large fissures in the rocks are quite frequent, into which one might readily slip to a considerable distance below, in some places, almost past recovery, or, at least, with considerable damage. From the top of the mountain, the land gradually recedes in the rear, with but little change in elevation, and is open to cultivation, and, to a large extent, occupied in this way. At the base of the mountain are a number of caverns, some of which are large enough to be applied to useful purposes. We entered one, in part, in the immediate vicinity of the farm-house, at which we had taken up our quarters. The air was very cold, and we were assured, that ice forms on the rocks in the cave during the summer

months, whilst the air in it is quite warm in the winter. The cave is certainly a curiosity in its way.

The limestone, of which the rocks of the mountain are constituted, is of the purest quality. It is full of brilliant white crystals, and dresses very finely. Hence it is extensively used for building purposes. We saw immense piles of it in the immediate vicinity, which had been cut out of the mountain and dressed for use on the Welland Canal, one of the most grand and extensive inland navigation mediums on this Continent, if not in the world. It is carried to the main railroad by a branch road constructed for this purpose.

In this region quite a number of Germans from Pennsylvania settled at the close of the last century. They were induced to remove thither by the agitation, which, at that time, prevailed in the States, growing out of the Stamp Act, and sundry movements in regard to a standing army. They were mainly made up of Mennonites, who, to a large extent, use the German language to the present day. Our kind host and hostess on the farm, Mr. and Mrs. Moyer, belong to this religious denomination, who still keep up religious services in the German language to the present time. Did our limits permit, we might cite a number of German names of persons in this region, similar to those still borne by persons in Pennsylvania.

In the evening, we parted from our cousin at Beamsville station, and spent the night at Suspension Bridge, at the New York Central Hotel, near the depot, where we found comfortable accommodations on moderate terms. We were thus once more on United States soil. S. R. F.

P. S.—Several typographical errors, to our regret, escaped the notice of the proof-reader in our previous articles, growing out of our late trip, two of which are of such a serious nature, destroying the sense in each case, as to require correction. In the second sentence from the end of the previous article, the word "German," is omitted before the word "names." In the seventh line of the sixth paragraph, in our second article, we wrote, "special friends of some of our party"; the word "friends," however, is strangely transformed into "picnics."

THE "MESSENGER" IN WESTMORELAND COUNTY, PA.

Our General Agent, H. K. Binkley, reports fifty-four additional new double sheet subscribers to the "Messenger" from this county. Of these, twenty-nine were obtained in Mt. Pleasant charge, Rev. S. Z. Beam, pastor, and twenty-five in Emanuel charge, Rev. J. F. Snyder, pastor. F.

A FOOLISH FEAT ACCOMPLISHED.

On the 7th of this month Dr. Tanner, an eclectic physician, completed a fast of forty days in New York city. The experiment was a public one, made, professedly, in the interest of science, and seems to have been conducted fairly. It would be hard to tell, however, what science has gained by it, as it only records a particular instance of endurance, which would fail in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand, if tried.

The case has excited a great deal of interest, apparently, and the papers have given minute details of it every day. Foolish bets have been made upon the issue; and one woman proposed marriage to the fasting man, who it appears has a wife from whom he is separated. The newspaper literature brings out the fact, that similar feats have been performed in times past, and we do not see that any thing has been accomplished beyond the act itself.

We would not be astonished to see the "success" here achieved used in attempts to reduce the fast of Moses and of our Saviour to natural grounds, and a French paper wittily says, the plea of the poor, who claim that they have been without food for only a few days, will no longer be of avail.

It seems to us the moral quality of Dr. Tanner's experiment is the same as if he had taken over doses of poison, or inflicted gun-shot wounds upon himself to see how much a mortal man could survive. If such an experiment had been made upon a dumb brute, the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals

would have interfered. If Dr. Tanner had died, or yet dies from the effects of his deliberate abstinence from food, the crime and responsibility of a suicide may be charged upon him. We doubt whether any man has a right to incur such risks.

“THE PASTOR AND PEOPLE.”

Rev. Dr. S. Mease, late editor and publisher of the *Christian World*, has been making arrangements for the publication of a bi-monthly magazine, under the above general title. The first number will be issued before the close of the present month. The contributors to it are prominent and able representatives in various religious denominations, and the work promises to be unique in design and character. It proposes to serve as an aid in teaching and working, both to ministers and laymen; a promoter of more general and efficient Christian activity in all Churches. As a bi-monthly, it will each year constitute a solid and good-sized volume. Its editor resides at Dayton, Ohio, to whom correspondence and orders are to be addressed. The price of the publication will be \$1.50 per year, or 30 cents per number.

REFORMED MISSIONARY HERALD.

Such is the title of the new monthly issued by the Board of Home Missions of the Reformed Church in the United States, and edited by the Superintendent of Missions, Rev. Dr. Theodore Appel. The first number is before us. It presents a neat and clean appearance, and is filled out mainly with matter relating to the subject of Missions. Its purpose is to furnish the Church with a greater amount of missionary intelligence than can be given it through the ordinary channels. By adhering strictly to this object, as is declared to be the intention of the Board of Missions, it will not necessarily interfere with the province or success of other publications, and also prove an important instrument in furthering the great cause of Missions. To answer its purposes, as well as to sustain it, it will need a large subscription list, which its friends, by proper exertions, can furnish. It is issued monthly at fifty cents per year for a single copy, and at forty cents, when fifty or more copies are sent to one address, payments to be made on receipt of the first number. Orders are to be addressed to Theodore Appel, Lancaster, Pa.

Communications.

A SECOND CHAPTER IN SUNDAY SCHOOL HISTORY.

We were pleased to read in the MESSENGER of July 21, the article entitled “A Chapter in Sunday-School History,” by J. D. Z., the founder and first superintendent of Walmer’s Church Sunday School in Union Township, Lebanon county, Pa. An additional chapter may be interesting to the readers of the MESSENGER.

The school from the beginning was a union school, since Walmer’s Church is owned jointly by the Reformed and the Lutherans. The superintendent was usually chosen for fitness without regard to denominationalism. The names of the superintendents from the beginning to the present time are J. D. Zehring, Thomas P. Gerberich, Henry W. Cameron, C. D. Zehring, D. B. Shuey, W. S. Bordenay, E. B. Shuey, John B. Shuey, and W. N. Boeshore. The names of some we cannot recall, since we write from memory.

The school has gradually increased in numbers until now it is one of the largest country schools in the county. As is customary in the country districts, the school was kept open only during the summer months until two years ago, when, on the day appointed for the close of the school for the summer season, a suggestion was made and vigorously argued by some of the best workers in the school, to keep it up during the winter. This at first was thought impossible by some, but when the vote was taken, the majority was in favor of continuing the school. Experience has taught them, that the idea of closing the school during the winter for want of attendance is a false one.

During the past winter the average attendance was more than one hundred and fifty, the attendance being better than during the summer. Many of the children walk a distance of three miles all winter, and are punctual in their attendance. This example might induce others to continue their schools during the whole year, who now close every fall.

The wolf coming in this flock spoken of by J. D. Z. has not altogether disappeared. There are some to this day who speak against the Sunday-school, and failing in the report that taxes must be paid to support this school, they argue that the school is *wearing out* the church building. Had the people listened to the few old fogies who still remain, the church itself would not be found in the present flourishing condition, much of its growth being due to the good work of the Sunday-school.

The school is also a model so far as thei

standard of music is concerned. It was never carried away very far with the sentimental kind; only twice or three times was it threatened, when a book of that class was adopted, but which soon run its course, and such standard music as Harbaugh’s Hymns and Chants and Lutheran Sunday-School Hymns were used, and last summer, they adopted Miss Alice Nevins’ Hymns and Carols, and are well pleased with it.

The union of the two churches creates no trouble. When a Reformed Sunday-School Convention is held in the Lebanon Classis, the delegates are chosen from the Reformed membership, and for the Lutheran Convention, from the Lutheran side.

A weekly teachers’ meeting is held at the houses of the different teachers, and the lessons are thoroughly studied, as also a short time is spent in practicing music. On Sunday, both the cartoon and blackboard exercises are used to interest the children in the lesson.

At first the school was almost German; then it became altogether English. But of late years, one male and one female German class has been kept up, and comprises persons who belonged to the school twenty-five or thirty years ago as scholars.

We believe that the school has done a great deal of good in these thirty-seven years of its existence, and J. D. Z. can already see the fruits of those seeds sown in 1843, that they have brought an abundant harvest. The school numbers 180 scholars at present.

PAX.

A TRIP TO LIGONIER.

Ligonier is a place of some historic interest, being the site of a noted fort in the time of Indian wars in western Pennsylvania. It is, at present, a pretty little town, and quite a summer resort, being situated on the west slope of the Allegheny Mountains, in Westmoreland county. Here, in years gone by, the Reformed Church had a respectable little congregation of well-to-do people. Being some what distant from other congregations, it never received very much pastoral attention, or had preaching more than once a month. Of late years, it has been almost entirely neglected.

At the late meeting of Westmoreland Classis, it was ordered, that a committee should visit these neglected people, and see what, if anything, could be done for them. The writer was chairman of that committee, and with one other member of it, spent several days in hunting up these scattered sheep of the Reformed fold. We went from house to house, and found them to be a good class of country people, most of whom seem anxious to have stated preaching, and the pastoral services of a Reformed minister. There are about thirty-five of them full members of the Church, and quite a number of young people, who were baptized in the Reformed Church, old enough to be confirmed.

Nearly all the families represented (almost twenty) own their own homes, and at least half a dozen of them are farmers in very comfortable circumstances.

They own a third interest in a very neat, brick church building, in good repair, and are entitled to use it half the time. They ought to be—as they formerly were—a part of the Latrobe charge. There is now a railroad between Ligonier and Latrobe, the distance being only about ten miles. By a little effort on the part of an earnest-working pastor, we feel sure this congregation will grow and pay, from the beginning, \$100—towards a pastor’s support.

Rev. G. D. Gurley, of the Latrobe charge, has given notice of his intention to resign shortly, and this will open the way for a new man to take charge of these two interests as a missionary charge. Whoever applies and is appointed by the Board of Missions must make up his mind to do a good deal of pastoral visiting and earnest work. He must go out among the people and talk Church and religion; invite and urge them to attend the services of the Lord’s house, and have regular stated times for service, at least, once a month at Ligonier. The Lutheran pastor serves his congregation (who own the other part of the church building) twice a month, and also preaches at three other points. We hope to see this congregation resuscitated.

We procured six subscribers to the double-sheet MESSENGER, as we passed among them.

J. W. L.

THE MISSION AT WASHINGTON.

At a special meeting recently held by the Board of Missions the licentiate C. F. Sontag, of Danville, Pa., late graduate of the Theological Seminary at Lancaster, was appointed to take charge of our Reformed organization in Washington. In response to the action of the Board, the young licentiate has entered upon his labors. His post-office address is accordingly changed to Washington, D. C. We might add a word here with reference to this Mission, although much has already been said. Everything looks favorable for the building up of a good congregation. Faithful members are earnestly praying and laboring to create a spiritual home of worship, such as they enjoyed while living elsewhere. They are striving with all their might and main to establish the dear old Church of their fathers in the capital city of the nation.

To a truly Reformed, no Church is dearer, or is cherished with more tender and sacred nearness, than that of his nativity. Like the home of his childhood, it is his heart’s true rest. It is there, that, in the new birth of baptism, the “babe in Christ” began to unfold spiritual powers and possibilities. At her altars, he bowed in devotion to his God; and neither time nor distance can alienate his affections from her sacred shrines.

We are worshipping as yet, in a hall. This is certainly a very great disadvantage to our growth in a city like Washington, with its magnificent structures and beautifully finished churches, all around us. Other denominations are well-established here, and it is a matter of no little surprise, that ours should only begin at this late hour. It is a shame that our dear old Reformed Zion has not been established here long ago. Had steps been taken in this direction fifteen or twenty years ago, we might have not only a mission, but several large and flourishing congregations.

Hundreds of our communicant members faithful and true, have, at different times, settled in Washington, but finding no church of their heart’s choice, they have been obliged to connect themselves with some other denomination. We have met many, who told us, with evident feelings of sadness, that they, too, were once Reformed, and would be so still, had our Church been established by this time.

What we need especially is a chapel or church. The members and friends of the

Mission are all anxiously awaiting the action of the Board with reference to building. If at all possible, a sanctuary should be completed, and ready for worship by winter. Until then, our progress will be slow. With prayer and faith, we labor on, trusting to the Great Head of the Church, “who alone giveth the increase.”

LAYING OF A CORNER-STONE.

August 1st was a happy day for the members of the Reformed Church in Tremont, Schuylkill Co., Pa. The weather was pleasant, and many persons were present from the valleys around. We met staunch members of our Church, who had come many miles to rejoice with the little band of Christians in Tremont.

In the morning, Father Dueger, of Ashland, preached a beautiful, profound and edifying sermon on the corner-stone of the Church, elect and precious. Rev. Sauner, of the German Lutheran Church, assisted in the services.

At the close of the services, the large congregation went in a body to the foundation of the new church, when the corner-stone was laid by the pastor, Rev. B. S. Metzgar.

In the afternoon at two o’clock, and in the evening at seven, Rev. J. O. Johnson preached, assisted by Revs. Dueger and Sauner. Rev. C. Baum was prevented by a funeral from being present, according to announcement.

The new edifice will be completed in a few months, and paid for in full, it is believed. It will be but one story high, and not larger than is needed by the congregation, which already numbers upwards of seventy members, with good prospects of solid growth.

The young pastor feels greatly encouraged by the interest manifested on the part of the people. May God crown his labors with great success!

J. O. J.

THE SOLEMN CLOSING OF A BUSY LIFE.

The following article from the “Independent Journal,” Mechanicsburg, Pa., tells a sad story: “Last Monday morning, Aug. 2d, our people were startled by the circulation of a report, that Geo. W. Titzel, Esq., one of our most worthy citizens, had died suddenly at his residence on East Main street. The report proved but too true. Mr. T. returned home on Saturday, feeling well and in good spirits. On Sunday morning he attended to his duties as Superintendent of the St. Paul’s Reformed Church Sunday School. He ate a hearty dinner, and it was not until about nine o’clock on Sunday evening, that he complained of a severe pain in his bowels. He walked up Main street to the office of Dr. E. N. Mosser, and solicited medical relief. The doctor, at the earnest solicitation of the deceased, injected into his system an ordinary dose of *Morphia*, which seemed to give the necessary relief from pain. Mr. T. then went home, retired to bed, saying that he felt considerably better. At frequent intervals during the night Mrs. T. spoke to the deceased, and received at each time a satisfactory answer. About four o’clock she awakened from her sleep and found her husband in a dying condition. She immediately sent for Dr. Mosser, who at once summoned Drs. Brandt, Leuner, and M. B. Mosser, and went to work, using every known method to rouse the dying man, but without avail, death putting an end to his sufferings at about seven o’clock on Monday morning.”

Although the deceased was only a little more than thirty-seven years of age when the Angel of Death, “as a thief in the night,” stole in upon his life, and bore him from his earthly home to the house of many mansions, “beyond the stars,” his human history deserves more than a mere passing notice. It may be said of *George Washington Titzel*, that he lived “in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths; in feelings, not in figures on a dial.” His intensely busy life teaches us to “count time by heart-throbs. He most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.”

The deceased descended from an old and respected family, in the Cumberland Valley, distinguished for its intelligence and devotion to the living Christianity of the Apostles’ Creed. He was taught at his mother’s knee, that the Reformation of the 16th century was not the founding of the Holy Catholic Church—that it was not the starting point of the church life, but only a brushing away of the accumulated rubbish of centuries, and a setting free of that holy life, which has its unending source in the Person of our Lord Jesus Christ. To be born in a family-life like this—to enter the threshold of being and unfold under such precious powers and influences, is a blessing, which no pen of a ready writer can trace, though it be plucked from an angel’s wing.

Born near Mechanicsburg, Pa., in October 1842, soon thereafter the deceased had planted in him, by Holy Baptism, the germ of that glorified life which gradually developed and unfolded into a child-like trust and devotion, under the influence and power of Christian nurture. These distinguishing traits increased with his years, characterizing his private and public life. He was ever an obedient child and youth—his love for his aged mother, still living, was proverbial and unabating. “When I was a youth at home,” he said, “I was taught to hope for salvation, not in a dead, but in a living, present Christ. A system of doctrine, however good in itself, can not save me. My salvation from first to last depends upon a living, personal Christ—One who has bound death to his own ascending chariot wheels—One whose voice, heard in the Realm of the Dead, will wake to life again the sleeping dust.”

In April, 1863, the Rev. John Ault, of blessed memory, assumed the pastorate of the Mechanicsburg charge, and at once organized a class of Catechumens. The class numbered eight. On the 18th day of October, 1863, nearly seventeen years ago, the class was admitted into full communion in the Church by the solemn rite of Confirmation. At the head of the class stood the deceased. He had just begun wedded life, and by his side, in the same class, was his own dear bride, now the disconsolate and heart-broken widow. From that day to the day of his death, he was faithful to his baptismal engagements—unweary in well-doing. He was not perfect. Who is? He did not claim to be. He was conscious of his imperfections, and wept in quiet solitude over them. As a man—as a Christian man, he was endowed with rare gifts. Fitted by nature, by education and by grace for any *work* in the Church, it was not long before the congregation, worshipping in St. Paul’s church at M., called him to the office of Deacon and Superintendent of the Sabbath School. Both these offices he filled at the time of his death. He was an indefatigable worker. As a Superintendent of Sunday Schools, he had few equals

and no superiors. The Sunday School manifested its devotion to his memory by attending his funeral obsequies in a body, under the direction of the Assistant, John J. Milleisen. The floral tribute from the Sunday School was beautiful and impressive.

But his religious life did not confine itself simply to the Church and Sunday School—it reached out into every nook and corner of the community in which he lived and died. He was a friend of the poor. I have known him to divide his last half dollar to relieve the pressing wants of a hungry man—I have seen him, more than once, start out on a wintry day with his basket of provisions for the suffering saints of God—and I have heard many a “God bless you,” from grateful hearts, as their immediate wants were met by this noble-hearted Christian gentleman. I do not wonder, that he died poor in this world’s goods—he divided his living among the poor. On Christmas Eve, when he would be arranging his gifts for his family, he would always set apart a certain amount for the poor, saying: “This is the season when our hearts should be open—God has given to us His own dear Son, and we honor Him by our gifts.”

As a business man, he did not succeed for himself—he was too indulgent; but in doing business for others, he was very successful. After his failure in business here, he did not sit down in idleness and pine away his days, but he set himself to work at once to reclaim his lost fortune. Entering the Grocery House of Messrs. Reeves, Parvin & Co., Nos. 20 and 22 South Front street, Philadelphia, he built up, by his indomitable energy, a very large trade in this section of the State. In a circular issued to the customers, which he won to the business, the Messrs. Reeves, Parvin & Co. say: “By the sudden death of Mr. George W. Titzel, which occurred at his home, in Mechanicsburg, on the 2d inst., we have lost a faithful agent and an esteemed friend, and we know that his business friends through the country will feel as we do—that one has gone, who, by his integrity and gentlemanly bearing, commanded the respect and personal regard of all who knew him.”

At home he was a model husband and father—a devoted son and brother. But he has gone to meet the loved ones, who have preceded him to the heavenly world—*Davie, Fannie and George* have gained what the home here in the earth has lost.

The deceased was possessed of a high order of physical, intellectual and moral beauty—one of Nature’s noblemen. Now that he has been summoned up higher, he has bequeathed to us in his short life, in his unwritten words, in his good natured Christian spirit, an inheritance worthy our imitation—worthy to be highly prized by us, and to be by us sacredly guarded. When such an one dies people forget his faults—forget their animosities, their differences, and unite, as one man, in bestowing their offerings of love and admiration upon that being, whom God has made so fair and so good. This was observed at his funeral, which was attended by an immense concourse of people.

His funeral took place in St. Paul’s church on the following Wednesday. The pastor was assisted in the services by the resident pastors of the town, six in number, and the Rev. Drs. Babb and Groff. Other ministers were also present, who took no part in the services. The deceased is a brother of the Rev. John M. Titzel, of the Reformed Church at Altoona, Pa.

Our brother is dead! It is sad to utter it. To us, who have been accustomed so long to look upon him as he moved in quiet and unobtrusive dignity among us, the ideal of a perfect physical organization, it is startling. He has gone—on earth we shall see his face no more.—

“Strew his ashes to the wind,
Whose sword or voice has served mankind—
And is he dead, whose cultured mind
Lifts thine on high?
To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die.” DELTA.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

The following action was taken by the Christ Church charge, Littlestown, Pa., in reference to the death of their late pastor:

WHEREAS, Through the inscrutable mystery of an All wise Providence our late beloved pastor, Rev. John Ault, has been taken from this world of toil and care to a heavenly home of peace and rest, therefore

Resolved, That we, the joint Consistories of the several churches constituting the Christ Church Charge, in which field our deceased pastor labored so faithfully for the last eight years with self-sacrificing zeal and energy, both for the temporal and spiritual growth of the charge, while we humbly bow and submit to the divine decree, we deeply feel the sad affliction and bereavement and greatly mourn over his untimely death.

Resolved, That we hereby extend our heartfelt sympathy to the worthy family of our deceased pastor in this time of their sore affliction.

Resolved, That each of the several churches be draped in mourning for the period of sixty days.

Resolved, That a copy of the present resolutions be sent to the family and also that a copy of the same be published in the several county papers, as well as in the papers of Church.

By Order of THE CHARGE.

Church News.

OUR OWN CHURCH.

SYNOD OF THE UNITED STATES.

The church edifice, in which the congregation at New Holland, Pa., Rev. D. W. Gerhart, pastor, worships, has been for some time undergoing a series of improvements and repairs. The original building was begun in 1799, but not completed until 1801. Its interior was entirely remodeled twenty-seven years ago, during the pastorate of the Rev. Charles Helfenstein. The renovation, both outside and inside, has been very thorough and complete. The interior, especially, has been greatly beautified, as well as much improved on the score of comfort. The cost of the improvements was about \$1050, all of which has been paid.

The re-opening services took place on Sunday, August 1. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. F. A. Gast, of Lancaster, Pa., and the pastor was assisted in the other portion of the services, by the Rev. James Crawford, also of Lancaster. At the close of the sermon, the pastor gave an account of the commencement, progress and completion of the work.

A children’s service was held in the afternoon, at which the Rev. Dr. Gast and Crawford officiated. A sermon was also preached in the evening by Prof. Crawford, the altar service in connection with which was conducted by the Rev. D. C. Tobias, of Lititz. The whole occasion was one of more than usual interest.

“Harvest-home services” were celebrated in the Reformed congregations at New Goschenhoben and Great Swamp, on the last Saturday in July, and the first of August, amid sheaves of wheat, rye, oats, and maize. The chancel and altar spoke eloquently through the growth of the field, orchard and garden. An offering of \$145 was laid before God by the former people, and a similar present of \$127 by the latter. This charge makes earnest with these services, and more so, from year to year. Hymns, prayers, sermons,—these are confirmed by substantial offerings. As the congregations are largely made up of farmers, the smell of the field cleaves to their garments, which must be pleasant in the eyes of Him who ordained that man shall earn his bread in the sweat of his brow.”

THE POTOMAC SYNOD.

A new church, recently erected by the congregation at Loudon, Franklin Co., Pa., Rev. J. Hassler, pastor, was dedicated to the worship of God, on Sunday, July 25. The sermon on the occasion was preached by the Rev. Dr. Thomas G. Apple, of Lancaster, Pa. Besides the pastor, the other ministers present were Rev. Dr. C. F. McCauley, of Reading, Pa., R. V. M. Deatrick, of Mercersburg, Rev. W. I. Stewart, of St. Thomas, Rev. J. C. Reber, of McConnelsburg, and Rev. J. R. Shipe, of the Methodist Church, Loudon, Pa. A large and appreciative audience was present.

The church is built of brick in Gothic style, with a vestibule, and spire of suitable height in front, and is thirty-six by fifty six feet. It contains, besides the audience chamber, a lecture room, and has a recess pulpit and eleven memorial windows, with beautiful Scriptural designs and the names of the donors beneath. It is called “St. Peter’s Reformed Church,” and cost \$5,300, the last \$500 of which were raised on the day of dedication, so that it is free of debt. Various articles of furniture formed the gifts of several friends.

A children’s service was held in the afternoon, in connection with which addresses were made by the Rev. Dr. McCauley, Stewart and Reber, and a collection taken up for the benefit of the Church.

WESTERN CHURCH.

The corner stone of a new church at Imogene, Fremont county, Iowa, was laid on Friday afternoon, July 30th, attended with appropriate services. The pastor delivered a sermon to an attentive audience. The weather not being favorable, the audience was not very large. The membership, however, was well represented, and the services were interesting. God speed the good work thus begun!

Rev. J. Klinger has resigned the pastorate of the Stoutsville, Ohio, charge. His post-office address, after October 1, will be Upper Sandusky, Wyandot Co., Ohio.

Mrs. Shawan, an active member of the Episcopal Church, at Tiffin, Ohio, recently deceased, has bequeathed \$3,000 to Heidelberg College, payable at the death of her husband. The money is to be invested, and the interest devoted to the increase of the library.

At a communion held on the 18th of July, in the Church at Miamisburg, Ohio, Rev. W. McCaughey, pastor, six persons were added to the Church. The pastor was assisted in the services by the Rev. Dr. F. H. Reiter.

Seven persons were added to the Church at Akron, Ohio, Rev. E. P. Herbruck, pastor, in connection with a communion service held on the 11th of July.

At a communion held in Florence, Mich., on the 25th of July, two persons were added to the Church by certificate.

Westminster, Ohio, is a small town in Allen county of that State. A chapel has been built at that place by Mrs. Rebecca Creps, widow of Alexander Creps, deceased, for the use of a congregation which the Rev. J. J. Gruber, who has been preaching there, purposes to organize. The Creps family moved from Adams county, Pa., to Ohio, some forty years ago, and though at first required to struggle against many hardships, became eventually successful and prosperous. As a thank-offering for favors received, the deceased husband formed the pious purpose of erecting a house to be devoted to the worship of God. He died, however, before carrying it into effect. As the widow sympathized with him in his views and feelings, she determined to carry out his wishes. The result is the erection of a large and commodious chapel, which will comfortably seat about three hundred persons, and cost about \$3,000. It was dedicated to the worship of God on the 11th of July last, and is very properly called after the kind donor, Creps Chapel.

EASTERN GERMAN SYNOD.

At a recent meeting of the German Maryland Classis, the Rev. J. W. Ebbinghaus, recently pastor of the German Church at Washington, D. C., was dismissed to the German Evangelical Synod of North America.

NORTH-WESTERN GERMAN SYNOD.

Cleveland, Ohio, is favored with six churches, which are connected with the German Synod of the North-West. We learn from the *Kirchenzeitung*, that they are all in a prosperous condition, four of them especially being large congregations.

Rev. B. Huecker was recently installed pastor of the congregation at Waukon, Iowa, by a committee of the Minnesota Classis.

The corner stone of a new church was laid in Strausburg, Stark county, Ohio, on the 17th of July, amid appropriate services. A congregation was organized at this place in March, 1879, by the Rev. J. M. Grether, and nine additions were made at the corner-stone laying, increasing the number to forty communicants.

The present post-office address of the Rev. J. H. Krüger, is Arnheim, Brown county, Ohio, and that of the Rev. W. Friebohn, No. 65 De Bow Street, St. Paul, Minnesota. F.

BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.

A meeting of the Board is hereby called for Thursday, (August 19), at 2 P. M., to meet in the First Reformed church, Harrisburg, Pa. Business of vital importance. Punctual attendance is urgently requested. All members should come prepared to stay until the business is transacted.

T. S. JOHNSTON,
Secretary.

Youth's Department.

THE LITTLE MUSICIAN AT THE ASYLUM.

All day I had been among them
In the pleasant, sunny ward,
Among my friends whose tired brains
With fancies odd are stored.
Just half amused at their quaintness,
Yet sorry for them at my heart,
I had laughed with them and talked with them
Till the time had come to part;
When in came a little maiden
With eyes and cheeks aglow,
Bringing her music with her
Away from the town below.
She had come "to play for the patients,"
And she could not have found a place
Where the smallest act of kindness
So blossoms into grace,
Had she hunted the whole town over;
But I do not think she dreamed
That her little act of kindness
Was more beautiful than it seemed.
This was her gift, her talent,
This was her power to please,
And her soul seemed lifted above the earth
When her fingers touched the keys.
But I thought as I wandered homeward
In the light of the setting sun,
That the Master would approve and bless
What the little girl had done;
For she had not "in a parkin"
Her talent from the Lord,
When she came to play for the patients
In that pleasant, sunny ward.

—N. Y. Evangelist.

For The Messenger.

STILL MORE ABOUT THE LITTLE PEOPLE AT WILLOW BROOK.

The days were now lengthening into June; where the blossoms had been, on the boughs, there were little green apples; the cherries were hanging red and black on the trees up the lane, and the currant bushes were filled with red bunches; all along the strawberry-beds something pink was showing under the leaves, and in the garden the honey-suckles were smelling so sweet, it made a body glad without knowing why.

There were not so many birds flying about and singing, but there was a good deal going on in the nests, and while the ladies in the cities were having pretty dresses made up to go to the seashore and the springs, the spring birds were getting their feathers ready too to fly away. Only a little soft, furry coat was noticeable in one nest, fastened in the most comfortable place on a low branch of a white pine near the house; it was a secret of somebody's, she was watching the little family of three each day to see how they came on, and how soon they would be able to scud North. Their mouths were always so wide open, it kept the mother hard at work all day, and when she went out for food the mate sat on the branch of a tree opposite, and turned his head about so quick and fast it was easy to see he was watching their young till the mother came back.

But in place of the bird songs there was starting up a very busy hum among the insects, in and out the grass and wheat that now was turning gold, while the oats looked like silver. In the woods the dragon fly was darting, and on the water the skippers were stretched out like a kite. When evening came the fire flies were coming faster and faster and made it look like another world of stars in the fields and along the hill-sides.

Gordon and Archer, the two cousins from town, had been out a whole week, in and out the barn, fishing, hunting nests and riding Pet and Trowna. They came the very day "baby" went, and when Trowna came back from the station, with Joe the gardener driving the wagon, there they were, perched up behind the big baskets full of marketing. They liked it better than the carriage, it was such fun to come to the country that way. Gordon had enough of carriages in town, for he had a beautiful home where there were many pretty things: pictures and statuary, plenty of nice books and fine china that had been in the family a long while, and when you stepped on the handsome Turkish rugs in the parlors, your feet went down ever so far.

But no one loved him any better for that, though it is very nice to have such things; it was because he was a polite boy and did not start quarrels with the children that somebody grew very fond of him. For little children who have

money to buy all they want, may sometime lose it all, but they can't lose a kind heart and good manners if they take care to keep them. Gordon had wide black eyes full of enjoyment, and he was as plump as the partridges that kept bobbing their heads about calling, "Bob white!"

As for Arthur his eyes were blue and his hair light; it had been cropped close to his head to keep him cool. He had a fine delicate face, and was very slight and frail-looking, though he seemed quite strong, and could do any thing that any other boy could. Somebody was beginning to love him very much, and always felt as though a grown-up gentleman was taking care of her when she went out with him. He went with her sometimes all by himself driving, and once when the gearing came loose, instead of getting flurried, he just said very quietly, "please hold the reins," and jumped out before Trowna herself knew that she could have run away. He was very shy, and did not like to have any one speak of him when he was by, so that day when she began to tell at the dinner table what a careful little driver she had had, Dora said in a low tone, "Look at Arthur," and there he was, slowly slipping from his chair, his face crimson, until it all disappeared under the table. But as soon as the conversation was changed, when no one was looking, he sat up straight as ever.

His papa died when he was very little, and he had no brothers nor sisters, so he had to be a comfort to his mamma, who would gather him up so close when no one was by, and he seemed to understand that people who haven't much left to them and are sad ought to be loved very much. Soon after the two cousins came out, a little girl named Katie came down from Harrisburg to make a visit to Willow Brook. She was just eight years old, and had curling brown hair and blue eyes with the longest fringes over them, that swept on her cheek when she dropped her eyes. She was so happy at being in the country that she danced about like a fairy; she could not keep still five minutes at a time, and was always running back saying, "Oh, mamma, it's lovely," and "Oh mamma, mayn't I take off my shoes and stockings some time and paddle in the branch?" She would sit on the bridge and swing her feet over the water, one minute and pet Lily-bell the next, and look with such wonder in her eyes at the old bull over the fence, who still tried sometimes to get over and walked up and down as though there wasn't any thing in the world but himself.

Down by the dairy there was the nicest place to keep house in, and every day there were busy times down there baking cake and fresh bread. There were heaps of fine mud and sand, and they were baked into patty-pans, and turned out with scollops around the edges—with little fine gravel on top for nuts and raisins. Gordon was the father and Arthur the son, and then grave Dora was the little mother, and Wide-awake the little child.

As for Hattie, she would be off reading "Lady of the Lake" and Sir Walter Scott's prose stories, under the shade-trees, but she was always ready to leave them for the stories in the willow-tree.

THE OLD BOOK IN THE WALL.

It was a dark day for poor dame Perigord. She was not the only woman in France, nor in the city of Lyons, who had been left desolate; but now her loneliness was not her only misery, for the wolf lay at her door.

She sat dreary and companionless in her wretched little fourth-story room, thinking that her cup of affliction was full, and that it were better if she had never been born. Her husband was not, her children were not, and misfortune threatened to take even her bread away. As if one thing more must be added to make her completely forlorn, she had no cheerful trust in God. Her ideas of religion were derived from blind ceremonies, and from the legends of the saints. She knew nothing of the personal Christ, who ever lives to comfort His own. To her He was little more

than a name. But He had pity on her, nevertheless, and He visited her now in a way that was wonderful indeed.

In the midst of her gloomy thoughts her eyes fell upon a square of sunshine on the old wainscot at the back of the room. The light, that had so often seemed but mockery to her, shone there with a certain new meaning. It appeared to frame something in, and made the spot on the wall look like a panel.

Dame Perigord gazed upon it till the sight began to divert her grief. She rose and went closer to examine. She saw marks there that she had not noticed before, and scraping away the worn whitewash, she discovered the faint outline of a small door. It sounded hollow to her knock. With feverish fingers she tugged at the joints and tried to force out the square to see what was behind it. Perhaps there was treasure hidden there. Her task was no easy one, but she succeeded at last. The panel flew open, revealing a little recess in the wall; but there was no money, no jewels, in it—only a very old and very mouldy book.

Dame Perigord sat down and cried for vexation. At length it suddenly occurred to her that old books, so mysteriously hidden, sometimes had bank-notes laid between the leaves, and she quickly opened the mouldy volume to search.

She was doomed to disappointment again; but she did not close the book. It was a Bible—probably hidden in that hole in the garret during the awful days of the French Revolution. The poor woman had never seen a Bible before. The first words that arrested her attention were, "I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on."

The text was a keynote of consolation, and she kept on reading all the rest of the day and until late in the night, growing so fascinated that she forgot to eat. She had found a treasure indeed.

From that time Dame Perigord had no more dark days. The words of peace and wisdom in the dear old Bible filled her heart, and made life really worth living. The pittance she could earn by her labor satisfied her wants; and godliness with contentment was great gain. The God of the widow was her God. The Saviour of the New Testament became a sacred presence with her—her daily company and comfort, and her mighty protector.—*The Watchman.*

TRUE HEROISM.

There are no heroes in this world who are selfish and mean. Meanness and selfishness are not elements of heroism. True heroism is to do for others, to work for others, to sacrifice for others—that is true heroism. All the world's heroes may proclaim their greatness; but He who spoke as never man spoke, tells us "I came to seek and to save that which was lost." Reverently we ask, By what means? By giving Himself a sacrifice for them. Competitors for heroism, fix your eye there; and take your rank according to the most magnificent standard of heroism the universe has ever gazed upon. We are ready to acknowledge such heroism.

When I was in Cornwall, many years ago, I was shown a mine in which two miners were once engaged in sinking a shaft. It was rather a dangerous business that they had to do—it was to blast a piece of rock. Their custom was to cut the fuse with a knife. One man then got into the bucket and made a signal to be hauled up. When the bucket again descended, the other man got into it, and—with one hand on the signal-rope and the other holding the fire—he touched the fuse, made the signal, and was rapidly drawn up before the explosion took place. It was a dangerous business. One night they left their knife up above, and rather than ascend to procure it, they cut the fuse with a sharp stone. It took fire—"The fuse in fire!" Both leaped into the bucket and made the signal; but the windlass would haul up but one man at a time, only one could escape. One man instantly leaped out and said, "Up with ye; I'll be in heaven in a minute." With lightning speed the bucket was drawn up and the one man saved.

The explosion took place. Men descended, expecting to find the mangled body of the other miner; but the charge had loosened a large mass of rock, and it lay diagonally across him; so that, with the exception of a few bruises and a little scorching, the man was unhurt. When asked why he urged the other man to escape, he gave a reason that skeptics would laugh at. If there is any being on the face of the earth I pity it is a skeptic. I would not be what we call "a skeptic" to-day for all this universe. They may call it superstitious and fanatical—but what did he say? "Why did you insist on the other man's ascending?" In his broadest dialect he said: "Because I knowed my soul was safe, for I've gie it in the hands of Him of whom it is said that 'faithfulness is the girdle of His loins;' and I knowed that what I gie'd Him He'd never gie up. But t'other chap was an awful wicked lad, and I wanted to give him another chance." All the infidelity in the world cannot produce such a single act of heroism as that.—*John B. Gough.*

THE MAKING OF THE HUMMING-BIRD.

BY ANNIE A. PRESTON.

A bird and a bee, in the fresh April weather,
Sailed blithely to meet the first summer together.
'Twas a very small bird, and a very large bee,
And they talked as they flew, and they couldn't agree
As to which of the two should first greet the
sweet summer,
The bright-plumaged bird or the busy young
hummer.
All at once a black wind-storm dropped down
from the skies,
And took this small, quarreling pair by surprise.
It whirled them about, until, drenched and half-
dead,
They both tumbled into a violet-bed.
When the sun shone again—(this is what I have
heard)—
That bird was a bee, and that bee was a bird;
And only one creature went humming away,
Dipping into the flower-cups, that fresh April
day.
—An Indian Legend, in St. Nicholas.

FOUND OUT.

On the top of a hill was an orchard, and in one of the trees was a boy stealing apples; another boy was at the bottom of the tree, on the watch to see that nobody found them out.

Nobody was near that they could see; but that did not prove that no one saw them; for seven miles off, Prof. Mitchell, the astronomer, was examining the setting sun with his telescope, and the bill happened to come within its range; the actions of the boys, the very tell tale look on their faces, attracted his notice. He saw what they were up to. He found them out. There was no escaping the great eye of his telescope looking full upon them. They little thought of such a thing.

But there was another eye upon them, a greater and a sharper eye, and the eye followed them. It was God's eye, and His eye is on us. It sees near, it sees afar off. It sees in the day, it sees in the night. It sees out of doors, it sees in doors. It sees our actions, it sees our hearts. It sees us, too, by name. Professor Mitchell did not know the boys. God knows.

WATER-LILIES.

Water-lily is the common name of several plants remarkable for their beauty. There are upwards of twenty different kinds of them. They all have large floating leaves, with white, red, or blue flowers, which appear on the surface of the water. The blue water-lily is very fragrant; and from its frequent representation in the sculptures of Egypt, it appears to have been regarded as a sacred plant by the ancient Egyptians. An edible species is a native of the East Indies, where it is met with in wet, ferny districts; and there is a variety of this which has deep red flowers, which are held in superstitious veneration by the Hindoos in the localities in which it grows.

Another kind is found spread through Egypt, India, and Moluccas, Ceylon, Java, and China, and has been discovered at one or two places on the west of Africa. It is called "lotus," and in India, China and other Buddhist countries it is held sacred by the followers of that religion.

A Hindoo, upon entering the study of Sir William Jones, prostrated himself before some specimens which happened to lie there for examination. The flowers are of a beautiful white. They open during the day and close at night, and give out a strong odor like that of wine.

We are all familiar with our own white pond-lily, which very much resembles the lotus, except that the flowers and leaves, instead of rising some distance above the water, rest upon the surface of it, and they are somewhat smaller than those of the lotus.

The most splendid of the water-lilies is the *Victoria regia*, so called in honor of Queen Victoria. This beautiful production of the vegetable kingdom is a native of South America, and was not known in this country until about thirty years ago. In the size and color of its leaves and flowers, as well as its delightful fragrance, it may be called the queen of floral beauties.

The rim of each leaf is bright green, with purple crimson in the middle. The tints of the buds are from pure white to rich pink and rose, and the fragrance that of the most delicious pine-apples.

The under part of the leaf is covered with air chambers, which keep it afloat and enable it to bear astonishing weights. A young lady has stood upon one and been borne up some time with safety. On the under side, also, there are ribs and cross girders, placed in such a way as to give it very great strength. Sir Joseph Paxton assures us that the hint he received from this "natural engineering" first led him to devise the self-supporting principle on which he erected the exhibition building in Hyde Park, now the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, near London.

The Victoria water-lily was first reared in England at Chatsworth, the mansion of the Duke of Devonshire, and blossomed November 1, 1849. The first flower was presented to Queen Victoria, as a fitting tribute to her majesty whose name from the first was given to it.—*The Myrtle.*

Pleasantries.

It has been discovered that burning the bung-hole of a kerosene barrel with a red-hot poker will cause the barrel to disappear.

Intending tourists are now studying the guide-books. One must know what to admire and what not to admire before starting out.

Make up your mind just what you would do if your steamboat collides or takes fire and then practice on it from a two-story window.

"If dirt were only trumps," remarked Charles Lamb of a dirty-looking fellow whom he observed at a gaming-table, "what a hand he would have."

A bee sting is said to be a sure relief for rheumatism. Those who have tried it say you don't think of the rheumatism for several hours after the application.

"The line must be drawn somewhere," explained a Danbury woman, the other night, when her husband got sawed across the neck with the clothes-line.

The poor old negro preacher was more than half right when he said, "Bred-derin, if we could all see into our own hearts as God does, it would mos' skeer us to death."

"I never argy agin a success," says Artemus Ward; "when I see a rattlesnake's head sticking out of a hole, I bear off to the left and say to myself, that hole belongs to that snake."

A CHANGE OF TONE.—How soon some women change their minds respecting their husbands. Mrs. Spinn was forever telling her husband that he wasn't worth the salt in his bread; but when he got killed in a railway collision, she sued the company for a thousand pounds.

